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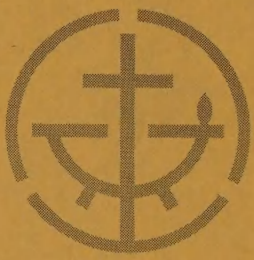

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CHARLES WESLEY

SEEN IN HIS

FINER AND LESS FAMILIAR POEMS.

NEW YORK:
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,
1883.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume claims such measure of novelty and merit as may belong to a selection, somewhat thoroughly made, from the entire works of the most voluminous and least known of British lyrists. The published poems of Charles Wesley occupy above three thousand closely printed pages. Of this mass hardly more than one fifth (and that in an altered and fragmentary shape) is before the world, chiefly in the Methodist hymn-books of England and America. As a hymnist, this author is widely famous, though either beyond or beneath his merit, according to sectarian accidents of creed and name; but as a *poet*, he is scarce heard of or suspected; for the critical world is yet but half-persuaded that a hymn can be poetry. To remedy this injustice, which lies alike on the fame of him departed, and on the living that are robbed of many a gem of sacred song, is in some degree attempted in this book

for it is believed that, whatever eccentricities of temper, habit, or opinion may have marred the Methodist preacher's verses, there is in them the genuine fire, and that in such portion as has been bestowed on few that used the English tongue.

The following objects have been kept in view, in the preparation of this volume : —

1. Absolute literary integrity. Every poem (except those on pages 52–58, which are from Charles Wesley's manuscripts, and first printed in his "Life") has been taken from its original volume, and, when possible, from the first edition of that; and each is given unaltered and unabridged. The punctuation, the spelling, and the use of capitals are not retained; but in substantials the reader of this volume has the poems as their author wrote them, except for such errors of type or pen as may have come in first or last.

2. To present, of course, such pieces as have most poetic merit.

3. To give permanent value to the book by making the bulk of its contents such as shall be new to nearly all readers; that is, other things being equal, to give preference to such poems as are little known, or not at all.

4. In lieu of the sameness which is found in any large quantity of this writer's familiar hymns, to make him take larger scope, and discuss a range of differing subjects. For this the works of no other hymnist, and of but few poets, afford such opportunity. He has been accused of having "little variety of manner, and less variety of matter." The former charge is in some measure true; the last the following pages will abundantly disprove.

5. To attain a good degree of historic and biographic interest. This was not difficult to do; for Charles Wesley was perpetually putting himself into his verses, and much of the matter included here will be found to form a rhyming commentary on his character, opinions, fortunes, labors; nor less on the time in which he lived, and the system of faith and practice which he bore no weak or idle hand in establishing.

6. While the book is characteristic, and shows the man as he was, to make it comparatively pure, to restrain as far as possible those extravagances of expression, and that wildness of emotion, in which it was his nature and his habit not seldom to indulge. As far as possible, we say; for to

preserve entire soundness of sentiment and propriety of language is a thing incompatible with honestly displaying this author as poet and as man. We have omitted, for the cause stated, two poems, warmly commended by so respectable an authority as James Montgomery; but in some pieces which we could not exclude there are lines and verses that only our rule of the whole or none could win place for.

With the one exception just indicated, these various aims have not been so hard to harmonize as it might appear. We should take the Methodist poet, as it is attempted to present him here: fairly, yet at his best; with appreciation, but discriminating; not allowing sympathy and admiration to run into blind worship, nor difference of creed to hide from us his merits and his uses. There does not exist in America or England that Christian Church, sect, or man, that can afford to forget his obligations to Charles Wesley; and we can acknowledge those obligations best by increasing them, as this book aims to do.

This Preface would be incomplete, did the Editor not make grateful mention of his friend David Creamer, Esq., of Baltimore, the pioneer

of "Methodist Hymnology" in this land, and the owner of what is no doubt the only almost complete collection of the Wesleyan poetry in America. To him belong half of the scarce volumes from which the contents of this were gathered; and it is by the use of his valuable library that the Editor has been enabled to consult every poetical work published by the Wesleys, except one or two rare tracts of small size, not known to exist this side the ocean.

Whenever it was possible, the *original title* has been kept over each poem, and printed in italics.

FREDERIC M. BIRD.

VALATIE, New York, *November*, 1866.

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LIST OF WORKS AND EDITIONS,

FROM WHICH THE CONTENTS OF THIS VOLUME ARE TAKEN

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" " " 1740; 5th ed. 1756.
" " " 1742; 2d ed. 1745.
" " By C. Wesley, 2 vols. 1749; 2d ed. 1756.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures. By C. Wesley. 2 vols. 1762.

Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ, 1747; 5th ed. 1756.

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love, 1741; 2d, (enlarged,) 1756.

Hymns on the Trinity, 1767.

Hymns on the Lord's Supper. By J. and C. Wesley, 1745; 10th edition, 1794.

Hymns for Children (and others of Riper Years. By C. Wesley), 1763.

Hymns for the use of Families, and on various occasions. By C. Wesley, 1767; 2d ed. 1825.

Funeral Hymns, (24 pages,) 1744; 8th ed. 1798.

Funeral Hymns, (70 pages,) 1759.

Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind, 1758.

Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord, 1744; 5th ed. 1756.

Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution. By J. and C Wesley, 1744; 2d ed. 1745.

Hymns for Times of Trouble, for the Year 1745.

Hymns for the Year 1756, particularly the Fast-Day, February 6.
Hymns on the Expected Invasion, 1759.
Hymns written in the Time of the Tumults, June, 1780.
Preparation for Death, in several Hymns, 1772.
Prayers for Condemned Malefactors, 1785, (a MS. copy.)
A Collection of Psalms and Hymns. By J. and C. Wesley 1741; enlarged, 1743; 12th ed. 1794.
The Wesleyan Psalter, 1854–55.
The Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley. By Thomas Jackson 2 vols. 1841.

POEMS.

Autobiographic.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN,

For One under the Law.

WHILE midnight shades the earth o'erspread
And veil the bosom of the deep,
Nature reclines her weary head,
And care respires and sorrows sleep;
My soul still aims at nobler rest,
Aspiring to her Saviour's breast.

Aid me, ye hovering spirits near,
Angels and ministers of grace,
Who ever, while you guard us here,
Behold your heavenly Father's face:
Gently my raptured soul convey
To regions of eternal day.

Fain would I leave this earth below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode:
Where shadowy joy or solid woe
Allures or tears me from my God:
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since death alone confirms me His.

Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home;
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting till the Bridegroom come.
Come quickly, Lord! Thy own receive;
Now let me see Thy face and live.

Absent from Thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans:
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And laboring silence speaks my moans.
Come quickly, Lord! Thy face display,
And look my midnight into day.

Error, and sin, and death are o'er,
If Thou reverse the creature's doom;
Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,
If Thou, the God, the Saviour come:
Of Thee possest, in Thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

1739.

GALATIANS 3: 22.

The Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of JESUS CHRIST *might be given to them that believe.*

JESU, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open Thine arms and take me in.

Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'T is Thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me Thine image shine,
And curst I am till Thou art mine.

Hear, Jesu, hear my helpless cry,
O save a wretch condemned to die!
The sentence in myself I feel,
And all my nature teems with hell.

When shall concupiscence and pride
No more my tortured heart divide?
When shall this agony be o'er,
And the old Adam rage no more?

Awake, the woman's conquering Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head;
Tread down Thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

The mansion for Thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there!
'T is this alone can make me clean;
'T is this alone can cast out sin.

Long have I vainly hoped and strove
To force my hardness into love,
To give Thee all Thy laws require,
And labored in the purging fire.

A thousand specious arts essayed,
Called the deep *Mystic* to my aid:
His boasted skill the brute refined,
But left the subtler fiend behind.

Frail, dark, impure, I still remain,
Nor hope to break my nature's chain.
The fond self-emptying scheme is past,
And lo! constrained, I yield at last.

At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:
Here, then, to Thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

No more to lift my eyes I dare,
Abandoned to a just despair;
I have my punishment in view,
I feel a thousand hells my due.

What shall I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin — but Thou art Love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am damned — but Thou hast died

While groaning at Thy feet I fall,
Spurn me away, refuse my call,
If Love permit, contract Thy brow,
And, if Thou canst, destroy me now!

1739

FREE GRACE.

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's Blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing Love! how can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'T is mystery all: the Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love divine.
'T is mercy all! let earth adore;
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but Love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'T is mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

Still the small inward voice I hear
That whispers all my sins forgiven;
Still the atoning Blood is near,
That quenched the wrath of hostile Heaven
I feel the life His wounds impart,
I feel my Saviour in my heart.

No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine:
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

1739.

CHRIST THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
And sing my great Deliverer's praise?

O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast showed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,

Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

And shall I slight my Father's Love,
Or basely fear His gifts to own?
Unmindful of His favors prove?
Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
Refuse His righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

No: though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war,
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare:
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
He spreads His arms to embrace you all;
Sinners alone His grace receives:
No need of Him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.

Come all ye Magdalens in lust,
Ye ruffians fell in murders old;
Repent, and live: despair and trust!
Jesus for you to death was sold.
Though hell protest, and earth repine,
He died for crimes like yours — and mine.

Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in.
He calls you now, invites you home —
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

For you the purple current flowed
In pardons from His wounded side;
Languished for you the eternal God;
For you the Prince of Glory died.
Believe, and all your guilt 's forgiven;
Only believe — and yours is heaven!

1739.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY DAY OF ONE'S CONVERSION.

Glory to God, and praise and love,
Be ever, ever given;
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

On this glad day the glorious Sun
Of Righteousness arose,
On my benighted soul He shone,
And filled it with repose.

Sudden expired the legal strife;
'T was then I ceased to grieve.
My second, real, living life,
I then began to live.

Then with my heart I first believed,
Believed with faith divine;
Power with the Holy Ghost received
To call the Saviour mine

I felt my Lord's atoning Blood
Close to my soul applied;
Me, *me* He loved — the Son of God
For *me*, for *me* He died!

I found, and owned His promise true,
Ascertained of my part,
My pardon passed in heaven I knew,
When written on my heart.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean;
His Blood availed for me.

He speaks; and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,
In holy triumph join!
Saved is the sinner that believes,
From crimes as great as mine.

Murderers, and all ye hellish crew,
Ye sons of lust and pride,
Believe the Saviour died for you;
For me the Saviour died.

Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

1740.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of Mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.

Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven!
No other help is found,
No other name is given
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus, harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at His Love;
'T is all their happiness to gaze,
'T is heaven to see our Jesu's face.

His Name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'T is music in his ears,
'T is life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole;
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, He died for me.

For me and all mankind
The Lamb of God was slain:

My Lamb His life resigned
For every soul of man:
Loving to all, He none passed by,
He would not have one sinner die.

O unexampled Love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst Thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind hast done?

For this alone I breathe,
To spread the Gospel sound,
Glad tidings of Thy Death
To all the nations round,
Who all may feel Thy Blood applied,
Since all are freely justified.

O for a trumpet-voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died!

To serve Thy blessed will,
Thy dying Love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister Thy grace,

Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love. 1756.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Away with my fears!
The glad morning appears
When an heir of salvation was born.
From Jehovah I came,
For His glory I am,
And to Him I with singing return.

No grievous alloy
Shall diminish the joy
I to-day from my Maker receive:
'T is my duty to praise
His unspeakable grace,
And exulting in Jesus to live.

Thy Jesus alone
The Fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here,
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till His sign in the heavens appear.

With thanks I rejoice
In Thy fatherly choice

Of my state and condition below:
If of parents I came
Who honored Thy Name,
'T was Thy wisdom appointed it so.

I sing of Thy grace
From my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto Thou hast been
My Preserver from sin,
And I know Thou wilt save to the end.

O the infinite cares
And temptations and snares
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestowed
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With Thy people enrolled,
With Thy people to live and to die!

How rich in the friends
Thy Providence sends
To help my infirmity on!
What a number I see

Who could suffer for me,
And ransom my life with their own!

O the goodness of God,
Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unsearchable riches of grace!

O the fathomless Love
That has deigned to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And behold, I am spread into bands!

Who, I ask in amaze,
Hath begotten me these?
And inquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

All honor and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son I return;
The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim:
'T is worth living for this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's Name.

My remnant of days
I spend in His praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem.
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him.

1749

WRITTEN AT THE LAND'S END.

COME, divine Emmanuel, come,
Take possession of Thy home;
Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.

Carry on Thy victory,
Spread Thy rule from sea to sea;
Reconvert the ransomed race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.

Take the purchase of Thy Blood,
Bring us to a pardoning God:

Give us eyes to see our day,
Hearts the glorious truth to obey:

Ears to hear the Gospel sound,
'Grace doth more than sin abound;'
God appeased, and man forgiven,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.

O that every soul might be
Suddenly subdued to Thee!
O that all in Thee might know
Everlasting life below!

Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land:
Take possession of Thy home;
Come, divine Emmanuel, come!

1749

NAOMI AND RUTH.

Adapted to the Minister and People.

Turn again, my children, turn,
Wherefore would ye go with me?
O forbear, forbear to mourn,
Jesus wills it so to be.
Why, when God would have us part,
Weep ye thus, and break my heart?

Go in peace, my children, go,
Only Jesu's steps pursue.
He shall pay the debt I owe,
He shall kindly deal with you:
He your sure Reward shall be,
Bless you for your love to me.

Surely you have kindly dealt
With the living and the dead;
You have oft my burden felt,
When my tears were all my bread:
Jesus lull you on His breast,
Jesus give you endless rest!

Lo, thy sister is gone back
To her gods, and people dear:
Weeping soul, a wretch forsake;
Why shouldst thou my sorrows bear?
Turn, and let thy troubles cease;
Go, my child, and go in peace.

O entreat me not to leave
Thee, my faithful guide and friend;
Let me to my father cleave,
Let me hold thee to the end.
Thy own child in Christ I am,
Following thee, as thou the Lamb.

Never will I cease to mourn
Till my Lord thy tears shall dry;

Never back from thee return,
  Never from my father fly.
Do not ask me to depart,
Do not break thy children's heart.

Where thou goest, I still will go,
  Thine shall be my soul's abode;
Thine shall be my weal or woe,
  Thine my people and my God.
Where thou diest, with joy will I
Lay my weary head, and die.

There will I my burial have,
  (If it be the Master's will,)
Sleeping in a common grave
  Till the quickening trump I feel,
Called with thee to leave the tomb,
Summoned to our happy doom.

God do so to me, and more,
  If from thee, my guide, I part.
Till the mortal pang is o'er
  Will I hold thee in my heart;
And when I my breath resign,
Then thou art forever mine.

1749

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

CHRIST *also suffered, leaving us an Example.*

AND did my Lord on earth endure
Sorrow, and hardship, and distress,
That I might sit me down secure,
And rest in self-indulgent ease?
His delicate disciple, I
Like Him might neither live, nor die?

Master, I have not learnt Thee so:
Thy yoke and burden I receive,
Resolve in all Thy steps to go,
And bless the Cross by which I live,
And curse the wisdom from beneath.
That strives to rob me of Thy Death.

Thy holy will be done, not mine:
Be suffered all Thy holy will.
I dare not, Lord, the Cross decline;
I will not *lose* the slightest ill,
Or lay the heaviest burden down,
The richest jewel of my crown.

Sorrow is solid joy, and pain
Is pure delight, endured for Thee.
Reproach and loss are glorious gain,
And death is immortality;
And who for Thee their all have given
Have nobly bartered earth for heaven.

Saved is the life for Jesus lost,
Hidden from earth, but found in God.
To suffer is to triumph most,
The highest gift on man bestowed:
Seal of my sure election this,
Seal of mine everlasting bliss:

The touchstone, and the proof of grace,
The standard of perfection here,
The measure of my heavenly place
When Christ and all His saints appear
The mark divine, by Jesu's art
Imprinted on my faithful heart.

O might it deeper sink! (but give
Me strength Thy strongest Love to bear:)
Fain would I die with thee to live,
Fain would I all Thy Passion share;
To me Thy thorny crown be given
On earth, Thy glorious crown in heaven.

1749.

ANOTHER.

It must be so; Thou sayest it must!
True is Thine acceptable word.
They will from their communions thrust
The faithful followers of their Lord,
Buffet, and vex, and scourge, and bind
The friends and patrons of mankind.

Full of the wicked one, and born
After the flesh, they will pursue
With restless hate and cruel scorn
The souls whom Thou hast formed anew,
The saints begotten from above,
Born of the Spirit of Thy Love.

Who *would* the life of God regain,
And Thee for their Example take,
They too the honor shall obtain,
And, persecuted for Thy sake,
Thy confessors their seal set to,
True witnesses that God is true.

Who only seek in Thee our rest,
Are we not now a proverb made,
Reviled, rejected, and opprest,
By brethren and by friends betrayed,
By bitterest household-foes pursued,
Hated of all that love not God?

Since first we heavenward turned our face,
Exposed and outraged all day long,
A helpless, poor, afflicted race,
For doing good, we suffer wrong:
We suffer shame, distress, and loss,
And wait for all Thy glorious Cross.

The Scriptures they in vain deny
The world unknowingly fulfil;

Bursting through nature's closest tie,
The brother shall the brother kill,
The son shall stop his father's breath,
The parent drag his child to death.

No pity or humane regard
We in our savage foes shall find,
For all their cruelties prepared;
From those who cast Thy words behind
Justice, alas! we look for none;
Our help is all in CHRIST alone.

Holpen by Him to suffer more,
From strength to strength we meekly go;
And when we gain the perfect power,
The world their utmost rage shall show:
And when we all Thy life retrieve,
Shall count us then not fit to live.

1749

FOR THE PERSECUTED.

JESU, the growing work is Thine,
And who shall hinder its success?
In vain the alien armies join
Thy glorious Gospel to suppress,
And vow, with Satan's aid, to o'erthrow
The work Thy grace revives below.

The wary world, as *Julian* wise,
Wise with the wisdom from beneath,
Awhile its milder malice tries,
And lets these mad enthusiasts breathe,
Breathe to infect their purest air,
And spread the plague of virtue there

Wondering the calm despisers stand,
And dream that *they* the respite give.
Restrained by Thine o'erruling Hand,
They kindly suffer us to live,
Live to defy their Master's frown,
And turn his kingdom upside-down.

Still the old dragon bites his chain,
Not yet commissioned from on high;
Rage the fierce Pharisees in vain;
"Away with them," the zealots cry,
And hoary Caiaphas exclaims,
And Bonner dooms us to the flames.

But our great God, who reigns on high,
Shall laugh their haughty rage to scorn,
Scatter their evil with His eye,
Or to His praise their fierceness turn;
While all their efforts to remove
His Church, shall stablish her in love.

Yes, Lord, Thy promise-word is true,
Our sacred hairs are numbered all;

Though earth and hell our lives pursue,
Without Thy leave we cannot fall;
And if Thou slack the murderer's chain,
We suffer but with Thee to reign.

Our sufferings shall advance Thy cause,
And blunt the persecutor's sword,
Dispread the victory of Thy Cross,
And glorify our conquering Lord.
Evil shall work for Zion's good:
Its seed is still the martyr's blood.

1749

TO BE SUNG IN A TUMULT.

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

The waves of the sea have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we in Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, but Jesus is here
While we are adoring, He always is near.

Men, devils engage, the billows arise,
And horribly rage, and threaten the skies;
Their fury shall never our steadfastness shock
The weakest believer is built on a Rock.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh ; His presence we have.
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne :
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son ;
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution, 1744.

IN DISTRESS AND DANGER.

HEAD of Thy Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,

Thy Love we praise, which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The Love divine which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine forever.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
In Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

Hymns for Times of Trouble, 1745

WRITTEN IN GOING TO WAKEFIELD TO ANSWER A CHARGE OF TREASON.

JESU, in this hour be near,
On Thy servant's side appear;
Called Thine honor to maintain,
Help a feeble child of man.

Thou who at Thy creature's bar
Didst Thy Deity declare,
Now my mouth and wisdom be,
Witness for Thyself in me.

Gladly before rulers brought,
Free from trouble as from thought,
Let me Thee in them revere,
Own Thine awful minister.

All of mine be cast aside,
Anger, fear, and guile, and pride;
Only give me from above
Simple faith and humble love.

Set my face and fix my heart;
Now the promised power impart:
Meek, submissive, and resigned,
Arm me with Thy constant mind.

Let me trample on the foe,
Conquering and to conquer go,

Till above his world I rise,
Judge the accuser in the skies.

1749.

AFTERWARDS.

WHO that trusted in the Lord
Was ever put to shame?
Live, by earth and heaven adored,
Thou all-victorious Lamb!
Thou hast magnified Thy power,
Thou in my defence hast stood,
Kept my soul in danger's hour,
And armed me with Thy Blood.

Satan's slaves against me rose,
And sought my life to slay:
Thou hast baffled all my foes,
And spoiled them of their prey.
Thou hast cast the accuser down,
Hast maintained Thy servant's right,
Made mine innocency known
And clear as noonday light.

Evil to my charge they laid,
And crimes I never knew;
But my Lord the snare displayed,
And dragged the fiend to view.

Glared his bold malicious lie!
Satan, show thine art again,
Hunt the precious life, and try
To take my soul in vain.

Thou, my great redeeming God,
My Jesus, still art near;
Kept by Thee, nor secret fraud
Nor open force I fear.
Safe amidst the snares of death,
Guarded by the King of kings,
Glad to live and die beneath
The shadow of Thy wings.

1749.

FOR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

O THOU whose special grace
Did kindly condescend
Of all the chosen race
To single out a friend,
To shower on him above the rest
Thy richest favors down,
And press him closest to Thy breast,
Thy best-beloved John!

I lift my heart to Thee,
To Thee who knowest the whole,
Its dearest amity
For one distinguished soul:

The soft unutterable love
  Wherewith I one embrace
With gracious smiles behold, approve,
  And turn it to Thy praise.

To Thee and Thy great Name
  My whole affection turn,
And let the hallowed flame
  For Thy pure glory burn;
From all idolatrous excess,
  From earthly dross refine,
And on my simple heart express
  The character divine.

No more may I provoke
  My God to jealousy,
Or to Thy creature look
  For what proceeds from Thee.
Fountain of life, and joy, and peace,
  Thee may I always own,
And find my total happiness
  Laid up in God alone.

My all of comfort here,
  Whoe'er the grace transmit,
To Thee may I refer,
  And worship at Thy feet.
From Thee may I my partner take
  (That precious loan of Thine),
And wait Thy call to give him back,
  And bless the Name divine.

On Thee, my God, on Thee
Alone would I depend,
And taste Thy Love, and see
Thy image, in my friend.
My bosom friend at Thy command
I promise to restore;
But let us meet at Thy right hand,
And praise thee evermore!

1749.

ANOTHER.

God, of all good gifts the Donor,
God, whose mercies never end,
Thee with lips and heart I honor,
Bless Thee for my darling friend:
Thankful at Thy hands receiving,
Ever longing to fulfil
All Thy wise design in giving,
All my Father's welcome will.

If for this the uniting Spirit
Hath on me his burden laid,
Give me joyfully to bear it,
Him with all my prayers to aid;
Fill my heart with supplication,
Let in me Thy bowels move,
Softness of divine compassion,
Tenderness of heavenly love.

Sanctify our mutual care,
More and more let it increase;
Strengthen us hereby to share
Every tempted soul's distress:
Stir us up to toil unceasing,
Lay on both the common load,
Make our love a general blessing,
Turn it all to Zion's good.

While with just peculiar kindness
We each other's souls embrace,
Save us from that doting blindness
Fatal to our fallen race;
From the mean contracting passion
Keep us free and unconfined;
Raise our generous inclination,
Fix our love on all mankind.

As a wide-extended river,
Let Thy love our hearts o'erflow,
Purest love that lasts forever,
Reaching every soul below;
Love that doth with free election
Some beyond the rest approve:
Bless us with Thy whole affection,
Special, universal Love.

1748

IN DANGER OF LOSING HIS FRIEND.

Fluttering soul, what dost thou here,
  Pinioned with a load of clay?
Poor afflicted sojourner,
  Shake thy wings and fly away,
From the mournful valley fly,
Break the cage, and reach the sky.

What doth this low earth afford
  Worthy an immortal mind?
Man, its miserable lord,
  Can he here his equal find?
Fallen, yet in ruins great,
Sinks the world beneath his weight.

All on earth is vanity:
  This I surely feel and know.
Good itself is ill to me,
  Seeming joy but real woe:
Comforts double my distress,
Edge the pain they cannot ease.

Friendship self, celestial guest,
  Can she make me happy here?
Answer, this distracted breast,
  Answer, this foreboding fear!
Fear to lose outweighs my gain;
Heightened bliss is heightened pain.

O that all the pain were past,
Never, never to return!
Might I but escape at last,
Cease at once to live and mourn,
Grasp through death the immortal prize,
Meet my friend in Paradise.

1749.

ANOTHER.

Away, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine!
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.
Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my stormy breast,
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.

He knows whate'er I want,
He sees my helplessness,
And always readier is to grant
Than I to ask His grace.
My fearful heart He reads,
Secures my soul from harms,
And underneath His mercy spreads
Its everlasting arms.

Here is firm footing; here,
My soul, is solid rock,

To break the waves of grief and fear,
And trouble's rudest shock:
This only can sustain
When earth and heaven remove:
O turn thee to thy Rest again,
Thy God's eternal Love!

To God again I turn,
And shelter in His breast;
His will (let me rejoice or mourn)
His will is surely best.
His skill infallible,
His providential grace,
His power and truth, that never fail,
Shall order all my ways.

The random-blows of chance,
The being I defy,
Whose life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to His eye.
He hears the ravens call;
Nor can His children grieve,
Nor can a worthless sparrow fall,
Without my Father's leave.

Why then was I cast down
And troubled without cause,
And trembled at the creature's frown
And feared the threatened loss?

Shall I mistrust His care
My blessings to defend,
Or dread (who cannot lose a hair)
To lose a bosom friend ?

If what I wish is good,
And suits the Will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.
Still let them counsel take
To frustrate His decree ;
They cannot keep a blessing back
By Heaven designed for me.

If what my soul requires
Evil to me would prove,
His Love shall cross my fond desires,
His kindly-jealous Love.
But would I for His sake
With every rival part,
My life, my all, my friend give back ?
He knows, He knows my heart.

Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power
Engage to make me blest.
To accomplish His design
The creatures all agree,

And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for me.

To know my final state
I at His footstool bow,
Who tells my soul THE HAND OF FATE
IS ON THE CURTAIN NOW!
His will the veil withdraws,
And while I lift my eyes,
Discovers there a glorious Cross,
And raps me to the skies.

1749

ANOTHER.

RAISED to-day above my sorrow,
Happy now,
Shall I bow
Burthened for to-morrow?
Shall I anxiously forecasting
Still destroy
My own joy,
Doubtful of its lasting?

Rather let me snatch the occasion,
In the friend
God doth lend
Taste His consolation;
From His hands a glad receiver,

Taste in this
Heavenly bliss,
Bliss that lasts forever.

In the stream I drink the Fountain.
Drink, and haste
To the feast
On that holy mountain.
With the wings of faith and prayer
Fly we on
To the throne,
To the Saviour there.

There we fix our place of meeting,
Gladly come
To our home,
Songs of praise repeating.
Careless which shall first pass over
Since we know
Both shall go,
Both the port recover.

Both shall reach the happy shore,
Quickly meet
At Thy seat,
Meet and part no more.
Who shall there our spirits sever?
Friends beneath,
Friends in death,
Friends we live forever!

1749

ON THE LOSS OF HIS FRIENDS.

TAKE these broken reeds away!
On the Rock of Ages I
Calmly now my spirit stay
Now on Christ alone rely;
Every other prop resign,
Sure the sinner's Friend is mine.

Fly, my friends, with treacherous speed,
Melt as snow before the sun;
Leave me at my greatest need,
Leave me to my God alone,
To my Help which cannot fail,
To my Friend unchangeable.

O how constant is my Lord,
While I to His promise cleave!
True and faithful to His word,
Me my Lord will never leave;
None shall us by violence part,
None shall tear me from His heart.

Keep me then, my Lord, my Love,
Keep me close to Thy dear breast,
Till Thou take me up above,
Till I gain the heavenly rest,
Seated on Thy glorious throne,
With Thyself forever one.

1749.

ANOTHER.

DISCONSOLATE tenant of clay,
In solemn assurance arise,
Thy treasure of sorrow survey,
And look through it all to the skies!
That heavenly house is prepared
For all who are sufferers here,
And wait the return of their Lord,
And long for His Day to appear.

Who suffer in Jesus's shame
Shall triumph in Jesus's Love:
A child of affliction, I claim
My sure habitation above.
My seal of election is this,
His marks in my body I bear,
My fulness of infinite bliss,
My crown of rejoicing is there.

There all the tempestuous blast
Of bitter affliction is o'er,
The spirit is landed at last,
And sorrow and shame are no more.
Temptation and trouble are gone,
The trial is all at an end,
And there I shall cease to bemoan
The loss of my brother and friend.

'T is there I shall meet him again
Whose burden through life I must bear

No longer the cause of my pain,
  No longer a fugitive there.
Here only the world could divide,
  Here only the tempter could part,
And turn the unwary aside,
  And poison his innocent heart.

Then let me with meekness attend
  The word that shall summon me home,
The days of my pilgrimage end,
  And bury my griefs in the tomb.
The tears shall be wiped from my eyes,
  When him I behold with the blest,
Who hastened my soul to the skies,
  And followed me into my rest.

1749.

ANOTHER.

O my condescending Lord,
  How hast Thou to earth stooped down!
Sinners vile and self-abhorred
  Thou dost for Thy brethren own;
O the grace on man bestowed,
Man is called the friend of God!

What can I desire beside?
  Jesus for my Friend I claim;
Jesus is my faithful Guide,

Happy in His Love I am.
Fullness of delight I prove
In His all-sufficient Love.

From the faithless sons of men,
Saviour, to Thy arms I flee,
Sweetly on Thy bosom lean,
Find my happiness in Thee;
Happiness that cannot fail,
Gloriously unchangeable.

While I thus my soul recline
On my dear Redeemer's breast,
Need I for the creature pine,
Fondly seek a farther rest,
Still for human friendship sue,
Stoop, ye worms of earth, to you?

Jesus, Thee alone I know,
Monarch of my simple heart.
Thou my only Friend below,
Thou my heavenly Portion art,
Here, and in eternity,
Thou art all in all to me.

1749.

DESIRING DEATH.

To languish for his native air
  Can the poor wandering exile cease?
The tired his wish of rest forbear?
  The tortured help desiring ease?
The slave no more for freedom sigh,
Or I no longer pine to die?

As shipwrecked mariners desire
  With eager grasp to reach the shore,
As hirelings long to obtain their hire,
  And veterans wish their warfare o'er,
I languish from this earth to flee,
And gasp for immortality.

To heaven I lift my mournful eyes,
  And all within me groans, *how long?*
O were I landed in the skies!
  The bitter loss, the cruel wrong,
Should there no more my soul molest,
Or break my everlasting rest.

No faithless friend shall there be found
  To mock me with his offers vain,
By deep ingratitude to wound,
  To cause, and then upbraid my pain,
To leave me at my greatest need,
Or trample on my sinking head.

In that Jerusalem above
No pain the happy spirit meets ;
No sense of ill-requited love,
No sad complaining in their streets.
Crying, and curse, and death are o'er ;
And there temptation is no more.

O could I break this fleshly fence,
Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,
On angels' wings remove from hence,
And fly this happy moment home,
Quit the dark house of mouldering clay,
And launch into eternal Day !

1749

THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS DISAPPOINTMENTS.

God of my life, how good, how wise
Thy judgments on my soul have been !
They were but mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin.
How different now Thy ways appear,
How merciful when most severe !

Since first the maze of life I trod,
Hast Thou not hedged about my way,
My worldly vain designs withstood,
And robbed my passions of their prey,

Withheld the fuel from the fire,
And crossed my every fond desire?

Trouble and loss, and grief, and pain
Have crowded all my forty years;
I never could my wish obtain,
And own at last with joyful tears,
The man whom God delights to bless
He never curses with success.

How oft didst Thou my soul withhold,
And baffle my pursuit of fame,
And mortify my lust of gold,
And blast me in my surest aim,
Withdraw my animal delight,
And starve my groveling appetite!

Thy goodness, obstinate to save,
Hath all my airy schemes o'erthrown;
My will Thou wouldst not let me have:
With blushing thankfulness I own
I envied oft the swine their meat,
But could not gain the husks to eat.

Thou wouldst not let Thy captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will.
Thy Love forbad my rest below;
Thy patient Love pursued me still,
And forced me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.

Joy of mine eyes, and more beloved
(Forgive me, gracious God!) than Thee,
Thy sudden stroke far off removed
And stopt my vile idolatry,
And drove me from the idol's shrine,
And cast me at the feet divine.

But can I now the loss lament,
Or murmur at Thy friendly blow?
Thy friendly blow my spirit hath rent
From every seeming good below:
Thrice happy loss, which makes me see
My happiness is all in Thee!

How shall I bless Thy thwarting Love,
So near in my temptation's hour?
It flew my ruin to remove,
It snatched me from my nature's power,
Broke off my grasp of creature good,
And plunged me in the atoning Blood.

See then at last I all resign,
I yield me up Thy lawful prey.
Take this poor long-sought soul of mine,
And bear me in Thine arms away,
Whence I may never more remove,
Secure in Thy eternal Love.

1749

OBLATION OF A SICK CHILD.

FATHER, Thy will be done, not mine,
Thy only will be done!
To Thee my Isaac I resign,
I render up my son.

Without a murmuring wish I give
The child Thou gavest to me;
Or let him to Thy glory live,
Or let him die to Thee.

I dare not deprecate the cross,
Or of my loss complain,
Assured my momentary loss
Is his eternal gain.

I hear the providential word,
I bless the will divine;
Remove him from my bosom, Lord,
And take him up to Thine.

1749.

ON HIS DEATH.

WHEREFORE should I make my mean,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:

I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls the precious loan;
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to His own:
Surely what He wills is best;
Happy in His will I rest.

Faith cries out, It is the Lord,
Let Him do as seems Him good
Be Thy holy Name adored:
Take the gift awhile bestowed:
Take the child, no longer mine;
Thine he is, forever Thine.

1749

ON GOING TO A NEW HABITATION

The Son of Man supplies
My every outward need,
Who had not, when He left the skies,
A place to lay His head.
He will provide my place,
And in due season show
Where I shall pass my few sad days
Of pilgrimage below.

No matter where or how
I in this desert live,
If, when my dying head I bow,
Jesus my soul receive.
Blest with Thy precious Love,
Saviour, 't is all my care
To reach the purchased House above,
And find a mansion there.

An house with hands not made
Hast Thou not bought for me?
The full stupendous price was paid
In blood, on yonder Tree.
But ere Thou call me hence,
Lord, with Thyself impart
The pledge of mine inheritance,
And fill my loving heart.

An heir of endless bliss,
Now in a tent I dwell,
Till Thou my spotless soul dismiss
To joys unspeakable:
Till Thou in that glad Day
Make all Thy glories known,
And to the heavenly House convey,
And bid me share Thy throne.

Family Hymns, 1767

ON HIS SON'S APOSTASY.

FAREWELL, my all of earthly hope,
My nature's stay, my age's prop,
Irrevocably gone!
Submissive to the will divine,
I acquiesce and make it mine,
I offer up my son.

But give I God a sacrifice
That costs me naught? my gushing eyes
The answer sad express;
My gushing eyes and troubled heart,
Which bleeds with its beloved to part,
Which breaks through fond excess.

Yet since he from my heart is torn,
Patient, resigned, I calmly mourn
The darling snatched away.
Father, with Thee Thy own I leave:
Into Thy mercy's arms receive,
And keep him to that Day.

Keep (for I nothing else desire)
The bush unburnt amidst the fire,
And freely I resign
My child, for a few moments lent,
My child no longer: I consent
To see his face no more.

But hear my agonizing prayer,
And O preserve him, and prepare
To meet me in the skies,
When throned in bliss the Lamb appears,
Repairs my loss, and wipes the tears
Forever from my eyes.

The blessed day of my release
(Should sorrow's pangs no sooner cease)
Will swallow up my woe,
Make darkness light, and crooked straight,
Unwind the labyrinths of fate,
And all the secret show.

But while Thy way is in the deep,
Thou dost not chide, if still I weep,
If still mine eyes run o'er.
The bitterness of death is past;
The bitterness of life may last
A few sad moments more.

Patient till death I feel my pain,
But neither murmur nor complain,
While humbled in the dust;
My sins the cause of my distress
I feel, and mournfully confess
The punishment is just.

Wherefore with soft and silent pace
I measure out my suffering days
In view of joys to come,

In hope His plan to comprehend
When Jesus shall with clouds descend,
And call me from the tomb.

My God alone I fain would love,
And patient Thy return attend,
These clouds and mountains to remove
And give me an expected end;
Explain my life of misery,
With all Thy Love's designs on me.

A child of sorrow from the womb,
By sad variety of pain
Weighed down, I sink into the tomb,
Yet only of myself complain.
My sins the root of bitterness
I must in life and death confess.

But trouble shall not always last:
Affliction's child shall weep no more,
When, thankful for my sufferings past,
Exulting on the heavenly shore,
I tell the acclaiming hosts above
That all Thy paths were Truth and Love.

Come, Finisher of sin and woe,
And let me die my God to see;
My God, as I am known, to know,
Fathom the depths of Deity,
And spend, contemplating Thy face,
A blest eternity in praise. 1784

A RETROSPECT.

JOHN 21: 18.

WHEN young, and full of sanguine hope,
And warm in my first love,
My spirit's loins I girded up,
And sought the things above;
Swift on the wings of active zeal
With Jesu's message flew,
O'erjoyed with all my heart and will
My Master's work to do.

Freely, where'er I would, I went
Through wisdom's pleasant ways,
Happy to spend and to be spent
In ministering His grace:
I found no want of will or power,
In love's sweet task employed,
And put forth every day and hour
My utmost strength for God.

As strong, and glorying in my might,
I drew the two-edged sword,
Valiant against a troop to fight
The battles of the Lord.
I scorned the multitude to dread,
Rushed on with full career,
And aimed at each opposer's head,
And smote off many an ear.

But now, enervated by age,
I feel my fierceness gone,
And nature's powers no more engage
To prop the Saviour's throne.
My total impotence I see,
For help on Jesus call,
And stretch my feeble hands to Thee,
Who workest all in all.

Thy captive, Lord, myself I yield,
As purely passive clay ;
Thy holy will be all fulfilled,
Constraining mine to obey.
My passions by Thy Spirit bind,
And, governed by Thy Word,
I 'll suffer all the woes designed
To make me like my Lord.

Wholly at Thy dispose I am,
No longer at my own ;
All self-activity disclaim,
And move in God alone.
Transport, do what Thou wilt with me
A few more evil days,
But bear me safe through all to see
My dear Redeemer's face.

NEAR DEATH.

Take away all iniquity, and give good. HOSEA 14: 2.

How long, how often, shall I pray,
Take all iniquity away;
And give the plenitude of good,
The blessing bought by Jesu's Blood;
Concupiscence and pride remove,
And fill me, Lord, with humble love?

Again I take the words to me
Prescribed, and offer them to Thee:
Thy kingdom come, to root out sin,
And perfect holiness bring in;
And swallow up my will in Thine,
And human change into divine.

So shall I render Thee Thine own,
And tell the wonders Thou hast done,
The power and faithfulness declare
Of God, who hears and answers prayer,
Extol the riches of Thy grace,
And spend my latest breath in praise.

O that the joyful hour was come
Which calls Thy ready servant home,
Unites me to the Church above,
Where angels chant the song of love,
And saints eternally proclaim
The glories of the heavenly Lamb!

HIS LAST VERSE.

In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

1788

HIS EPITAPH.

With poverty of spirit blest,
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest;
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeemed from earth to reign in heaven!
Thy labors of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crowned above;
Crowned, through the mercy of thy Lord
With a free, full, immense reward!

Occasional.

FOR ADVENT.

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord, 1744.

FOR ADVENT.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy Love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

Still we wait for Thy appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come, and bring the Gospel grace.

Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
By Thine all-restoring merit
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Nativity Hymns, 1744

FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HARK, how all the welkin rings,
" Glory to the King of kings ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled ! "

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Universal nature say,
" Christ the Lord is born to-day ! "

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord :
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb !

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as Man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here !

Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;

Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp Thy image in its place.
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Inner Man:
O, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart.

1739.

FOR THE EPIPHANY.

Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shade of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

Here behold the Dayspring rise,
Pouring eyesight on your eyes;
God in His own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.

Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man His life to employ:
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy. 1739

FOR EASTER-DAY.

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise:
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, He all doth save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the Cross, the grave, the skies!

What though once we perished all,
Partners in our parents' fall:

Second life we all receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

Risen with Him, we upward move,
Still we seek the things above,
Still pursue, and kiss the Son,
Seated on His Father's throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow ;
Dead to all we leave below :
Heaven our aim, and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God.

Hid, till Christ our Life appear,
Glorious in His members here :
Joined to Him, we then shall shine
All immortal, all divine.

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to Thee by both be given :
Thee we greet triumphant now ;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou !

King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

1739

FOR ASCENSION-DAY

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven.

There the pompous triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in.

Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of glory in!

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below!

Still for us His Death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Master, (will we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

1739.

FOR WHITSUNDAY.

Granted is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus, to His heaven restored:

Christ, who now gone up on high
Captive leads captivity,

While His foes from Him receive
Grace, that God with man may live.

God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals His abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

Never will He thence depart,
Inmate of an humble heart;
Carrying on His work within,
Striving till He cast out sin.

There He helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans;
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs the unutterable prayer.

Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast:
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life:
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!

Now descend and shake the earth,
Wake us into second birth;

Now Thy quickening influence give,
Blow, and these dry bones shall live.

Brood Thou o'er our nature's night, —
Darkness kindles into light ;
Spread Thy overshadowing wings, —
Order from confusion springs.

Pain and sin and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste, and all is peace ;
Joy divine in Thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

1739.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnished with mystic Wine
And everlasting Bread,
Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy fulness prove ;
And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,
Behold, without a veil, Thy face.

Hymns on the Lord's Supper, 1745

ON THE EXPECTED INVASION, 1759.

I.

Let God, the mighty God,
The Lord of hosts, arise,
With terror clad, with strength endued,
And rent, and bow the skies!
Called down by faithful prayer,
Saviour, appear below,
Thine hand lift up, Thine arm make bare,
And quell Thy Church's foe.

Our Refuge in distress,
In danger's darkest hour,
Appear as in the ancient days
With full redeeming power:
That Thy redeemed may sing
In glad triumphant strains,
The Lord is God, the Lord is King,
The Lord forever reigns!

We with our ears have heard,
Our fathers us have told
The work that in their days appeared,
And in the times of old:
The mighty wonders wrought
By Heaven in their defence,
When Jacob's God for Britain fought,
And chased the invaders hence.

Vainly *invincible*,
Their fleets the seas did hide,
And doomed our sires to death and hell,
And Israel's God defied:
But with His wind He blew,
But with His waves he rose,
And dashed, and scattered, and o'erthrew,
And swallowed up His foes.

Jesus, Jehovah, Lord,
Thy wonted aid we claim;
Not trusting in our bow or sword,
But in Thy saving Name:
Thy Name, the mighty tower,
From whence our foes we see
Ready our country to devour,
Without a nod from Thee.

Thou wilt not give us up
A prey unto their teeth,
But blast their aim, confound their hope,
Their league with hell and death.
With such deliverance bless
Whom Thou hast chose for thine,
That we and Europe may confess
The work is all divine!

II.

God of unbounded Power,
God of unwearied Love,

Be present in our dangerous hour,
Our danger to remove:
To guard our favorite land,
So oft preserved by Thee,
Come, Lord, and in the channel stand,
Come, and block up the sea.

Refuse them leave to pass,
Forbid them to draw nigher;
Surround us as a wall of brass,
As battlements of fire:
Our lives, our threatened coast
Beneath Thy shadow take,
And turn aside the alien host,
And drive the ruffians back.

Or if Thine awful will
Admit our Romish foe,
And force the sleeping crowd to feel
The long-suspended blow;
If justice stern hath past
The irrevocable doom,
And armed with Britain's sins at last
The ravagers must come:

Come first, Thou Man in white,
Thy Father's Love reveal,
His Name on every mourner write,
And every servant seal;

Let their deliverance prove
Thou canst preserve Thine own,
And all who trust Thy guardian Love
Are safe in Thee alone.

Come then, ye hostile bands,
For one short moment come:
The Man in white shall bind your hands,
Ye murderers of Rome.
If suffered from on high
To reach our threatened shore,
With bridles in your mouths draw nigh,
And show your bounded power.

Your power to God submits;
He keeps our faithful souls:
Above the water-floods He sits,
And earth and hell controls.
In dangers, deaths, and snares
He lays the sacred line;
Nor can ye touch a man that bears
His Saviour's bloody sign.

III.

But will the gracious Lord
Who hides *us* in His breast
Redeem His servants from the sword,
And give up all the rest?
Wilt Thou Thy fury pour
On the obdurate crowd,

And let the Romish wolf devour
The men that know not God?

Bowels divine, forbid!
Forbid it, heavenly grace!
And let the mourning praying seed
Protect the sinful race.
To Abraham's Son and God
With Abraham's faith we cry,
O spare a nation in their blood,
Nor let the wicked die.

Drawn down by public crimes,
If vengeance must take place,
Why, Lord, in our degenerate times
Hast Thou remembered grace?
Thy kingdom why restored?
What means Thy Spirit's strife,
While thousands by His powerful word
Are passed from death to life?

The tokens of Thy Love
On every side we see,
And crowds begotten from above
Stretch out their hands to Thee:
Against this evil day
Ready prepared they stand,
To turn Thy vengeful wrath away,
And save a guilty land.

Even now with them we meet
Around Thy gracious throne,
And mercy for a land entreat
Where Thou art truly known:
We wrestle for the throng
Who dead in sins abide,
Because the judgment lingers long,
Who all Thy threats deride.

What canst Thou do to save
The souls insensible,
Who madly their destruction brave,
And laugh at death and hell?
They ask the scourge to see,
They bid Thy day make haste:
But public ill, o'erruled by Thee,
Shall turn to good at last.

IV.

Here then we calmly rest:
Whate'er Thy will intend,
It must be for Thy people best,
It must in blessings end.
To Those that love the Lord,
And feel Thy sprinkled Blood,
Famine, and pestilence, and sword,
Shall jointly work for good.

Our lives are hid with Thine,
Our hairs are numbered all,

Nor can without the nod divine
One worthless sparrow fall.
And shall a nation bleed,
And shall a kingdom fail,
While Thou, O Christ, art Lord and Head
O'er heaven and earth and hell?

Beneath Thy wings secure,
In patience we possess
Our souls, and quietly endure
Whate'er our God decrees.
Yet still we cry, delay
The careless sinners' doom;
And till the judgment comes, we pray
That it may never come.

May never come *alone*,
But guided by Thy grace
Our vain self-confidence o'erturn
And all our pride abase:
Who will not see Thy hand,
Thy Truth and Love adore,
Compel us, Lord, to understand
The thunder of Thy power.

Out of our slumber woke,
Bid all our nation rise,
And bless the providential stroke
That turned us to the skies:

Who walked in darkest night,
In death's dread shadow lay,
Show us the great, the glorious light,
The dawn of gospel day.

Escaped the hostile sword,
O may we fly to Thee,
And find in our redeeming Lord
Our life and liberty.
Our Strength and Righteousness,
O let us hold Thee fast,
With confidence divine, and peace
That shall forever last.

Hymns on the Expected Invasion, 1759

IN TIMES OF CONVULSION AND PERIL.

Righteous God, whose vengeful vials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bursting o'er our head:
While Thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

If Thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,

In Thy wrath remember mercy,
Mercy first and last be shown.
Plead Thy cause with sword and fire,
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the world's Desire,
Conquering all with sovereign Love.

By the signals of Thy coming
Soon, we know, Thou wilt appear,
Evil with Thy breath consuming,
Setting up Thy kingdom here:
Thy last heavenly revelation
These tremendous plagues forerun;
Judgment ushers in salvation,
Seats Thee on Thy glorious throne.

Earth unhinged as from her basis
Owns her great Restorer nigh:
Plunged in complicate distresses
Poor distracted sinners cry.
Men their instant doom deploring
Faint beneath their fearful load;
Ocean working, rising, roaring,
Claps his hands to meet his God.

Every fresh alarming token
More confirms Thy faithful word;
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)
Must be suddenly restored.

From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of Restitution,
See the new Creation rise!

Vanish then the world of shadows;
Pass the former things away:
Lord, appear, appear to glad us,
With the dawn of endless day.
O conclude this mortal story!
Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal King of glory,
Now descend, and take Thy bride.

Hymns for the Fast-Day, 1756.

ANOTHER.

STAND the omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just:
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

Rests secure the righteous man;
At his Redeemer's beck

Sure to emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo, the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames, o'er nature's funeral pyre;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire.

Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views
With smiles the flaming void;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts with all the sons of God
Around the eternal throne.

Resting in this glorious hope
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

Hymns for the Fast-Day, 1756.

UPON NOTICE SENT ONE THAT HIS HOUSE WAS MARKED.

During the Riots, June, 1780.

In vain doth the assassin dark
This house for desolation mark,
Protected by the scarlet sign,
Already marked with Blood divine:
His idle threatenings we defy,
For the destroyer *must* pass by.

The Lord most high is our Defence,
Our trust is in Omnipotence;
His Name our adamantine tower:
Jehovah's wisdom, truth, and power,
Jesus, beneath Thy shade we dwell,
And laugh at all the leagues of hell.

Hymns written in Time of the Tumults, 1780

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Parent of good, whose plenteous grace
O'er all Thy creatures flows,
Humbly we ask Thy power to bless
The food Thy Love bestows.

Thy Love provides the sober feast:
A second gift impart;

Give us with joy our food to taste,
And with a single heart

Let it for Thee new life afford,
For Thee our strength repair,
Blest by Thine all-sustaining word,
And sanctified by prayer.

Thee let us taste, nor toil below
For perishable meat;
The manna of Thy Love bestow,
Give us Thy flesh to eat.

Life of the world, our souls to feed,
Thyself descend from high:
Grant us of Thee, the living Bread,
To eat, and never die.

1739

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

BLEST be the God, whose tender care
Prevents His children's cry,
Whose pity providently near
Doth all our wants supply.

Blest be the God, whose bounty's store
These cheering gifts imparts;
Who veils in bread the secret power
That feeds and glads our hearts.

Fountain of blessings, Source of good,
To Thee this strength we owe;
Thou art the virtue of our food,
Life of our life below.

When shall our souls regain the skies,
Thy heavenly sweetness prove?
Fulness of joys shall there arise,
And all our food be Love.

1739

TO BE SUNG AT WORK.

Son of the carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By joining it to Thine.

Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.

Thy bright example I pursue;
To Thee in all things rise:
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free:

My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.

O when wilt Thou, my Life, appear?
How gladly would I cry,
"T is done, the work Thou gav'st me here,
'T is finished, Lord" — and die.

1739.

ANOTHER.

SUMMONED my labor to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in Thy name my task I do,
And with a single heart.

End of my every action Thou!
Thyself in all I see:
Accept my hallowed labor now;
I do it unto Thee.

Whate'er the Father views as Thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To Thy great Sacrifice.

Stampt with an infinite desert
My work He then shall own;
Well pleased in me, when mine Thou art,
And I His favorite son.

1739.

FOR A BELIEVER IN WORLDLY BUSINESS.

Lo, I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will!
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve His pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And humble Mary's heart.

Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's Name,
Supported by His smile.
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find His service my reward:
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

Thou, O Lord, in tender Love,
Dost all my burdens bear,
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there.
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
Till all Thy will be done.

To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly:
In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unspotted I.
Here I find a house of prayer
To which I inwardly retire,
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

Thou, O Lord, my Portion art,
Before I hence remove:
Now my treasure and my heart
Is all laid up above:
Far above these earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

O that all the art might know
Of living thus to Thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By Thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thy glorious face.

Redemption Hymns, 1747.

ON A JOURNEY.

SAVIOUR, who ready art to hear,
(Readier than I to pray)
Answer my scarcely uttered prayer,
And meet me on the way.

Talk with me, Lord: Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let it feel
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing, I forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And make my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway
And echo to Thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face;
'T is all I wish to seek:
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee. 1740

FOR ONE RETIRED INTO THE COUNTRY

HENCE, lying world, with all thy care,
With all thy shows of good and fair,
Of beautiful or great!
Stand with thy flighted charms aloof,
Nor dare invade my peaceful roof,
Or trouble my retreat.

Far from thy mad fantastic ways
I here have found a resting-place
Of poor wayfaring men:
Calm as the hermit in his grot
I here enjoy my happy lot,
And solid pleasures gain.

Along the hill or dewy mead
In sweet forgetfulness I tread,
Or wander through the grove;
As Adam in his native seat,
In all His works my God I meet,
The Object of my love.

I see His beauty in the flower:
To shade my walks, and deck my bower
His Love and Wisdom join;
Him in the feathered choir I hear,
And own, while all my soul is ear,
The music is divine.

In yon unbounded plain I see
A sketch of His immensity
Who spans these ample skies;
Whose presence makes the happy place,
And opens in the wilderness
A blooming paradise.

O would He now Himself impart,
And fix the Eden in my heart,
The sense of sin forgiven:
How should I then throw off my load,
And walk delightfully with God,
And follow Christ to heaven!

Family Hymns, 1767.

WRITTEN IN UNCERTAINTY.

To what am I reserved? Great God,
The counsel of Thy will display;
Nor let me underneath the load
Of anxious doubt forever stay.

Thou seest I cannot journey on
Till Thou the lingering cloud remove,
And make the destined action known,
And lead me by the fire of love.

My every choice, desire, design,
I now implicitly submit;

My will is fixed to follow Thine,
And lies indifferent at Thy feet.

Parties and sects I now forego,
From all their schemes and systems free
After the flesh no more I know
Those dearest souls Thou gavest to me.

Loosed and detached, I cease from man;
Opinions, names, are clean forgot;
This all my aim, and all my plan,
To do, and be — I know not what.

But wilt Thou not at last appear,
Make darkness light before my face,
And crooked straight, and doubtful clear,
And show, and shine on all my ways?

Who on Thine only truth depend,
Who Thee mine only Master own;
To me Thou wilt Thy Spirit send,
And govern me Thyself alone.

Thy wisdom and Thy power shall join
To effectuate what Thy Love decrees;
My work, and place, and friends assign,
And crown the whole with full success.

Family Hymns, 1767

FOR THE FALLEN.

SHEPHERD of Israel, hear
Our supplicating cry;
And gather in the souls sincere
That from their brethren fly.
Scattered through devious ways,
Collect Thy feeble flock,
And join by Thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the Rock.

Thou every simple heart
With pity dost behold:
Ah, bring again whom Satan's art
Hath severed from the fold.
The souls far off removed,
Whose burthen still we bear,
Ah, give them back, so dearly loved,
To faith's almighty prayer.

We steadfastly believe
Such power belongs to Thee;
Thou canst the lawful prey retrieve,
And set the captives free:
Canst bring the wanderers back,
So perfectly restore,
That Satan never more shall shake,
Shall never touch them more.

O wouldst Thou end the storm
That keeps us still apart:
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart,
One spirit and one mind,
The same that was in Thee;
O might we all again be joined
In perfect charity!

Jesu, at Thy command
We know it shall be done
Take the two sticks into Thy hand,
The two shall then be one.
One body and one fold
We then shall sweetly prove;
And live in Thee, like those of old,
The life of spotless love.

God of all power and grace,
Set up Thy bloody sign,
And gather those that seek Thy face,
And by Thy Spirit join.
Thy few remaining sheep
In Britain's pastures bred,
United to each other keep,
United to their Head.

The soul-transforming word
In us, even us fulfil:

Join to Thyself, our common Lord,
And all Thy servants seal.
Confer the grace unknown,
Thy mystic charity;
As Thou art with Thy Father One,
Unite us all in Thee.

So shall the world believe
Our record, Lord, and Thine;
And all with thankful hearts receive
The Messenger divine,
Sent from His throne above,
To Adam's offspring given,
To join and perfect us in love,
And take us up to heaven.

1749.

THE TRUE USE OF MUSIC.

Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Pressed to obey the devil.
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flowed to the soul's undoing;
Widened, and strewed with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent sound recover,

Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover,
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure,
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure?

Come, let us try if Jesu's love
Will not as well inspire us;
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth shall fire us.
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
Jesus's Name is sweeter.

Jesus the Soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus's Name is joy and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesus's Name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

Who has a right like us to sing,
Us whom His mercy raises?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King;
Cheerful are all our faces.

Who of His Love doth once partake,
He evermore rejoices:
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful, and never weary;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never-ceasing;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Honor, and thanks, and blessing.

Then let us in His praises join,
Triumph in His salvation;
Glory ascribe to Love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Opened in each believer;
Only believe, and still sing on;
Heaven is ours forever.

1749.

THE MUSICIAN'S HYMN.

Thou God of harmony and love,
Whose Name transports the saints above
And lulls the ravished spheres,

On Thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
Thy heavenly choristers.

If well I know the tuneful art
To captivate an human heart,
The glory, Lord, be Thine.
A servant of Thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill
To sound the praise divine.

With Tubal's wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred power
To please the fiends beneath,
Or modulate the wanton lay,
Or smooth with music's hand the way
To everlasting death.

Suffice for this the season past:
I come, great God, to learn at last
The lesson of Thy grace.
Teach me the new, the gospel song,
And let my hand, my heart, my tongue
Move only to Thy praise.

Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
And let my consecrated lyre
Repeat the Psalmist's part;
His Son and Thine reveal in me,
And fill with sacred melody
The fibres of my heart.

So shall I charm the listening throng,
And draw the living stones along
By Jesu's tuneful Name.
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
And form a city in the skies,
The New Jerusalem.

O might I with Thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir
Who chant Thy praise above!
Mixt with the bright musician band
May I an heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of Love!

What ecstasy of bliss is there,
While all the angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys;
What more than ecstasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jesu's glorious voice!

Jesus! the Heaven of heavens He is,
The Soul of harmony and bliss:
And while on Him we gaze,
And while His glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks His praise.

O might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move

Before the great Three-One ;
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.

Redemption Hymns, 1747.

THE PHYSICIAN'S HYMN.

PHYSICIAN, Friend of human kind,
Whose pitying Love is pleased to find
A cure for every ill ;
By Thee raised up, by Thee bestowed
To do my fellow-creatures good,
I come to serve Thy will.

I come not like the sordid herd,
Who, mad for honor or reward,
Abuse the healing art :
Nor thirst of praise, nor lust of gain,
But kind concern at human pain,
And love constrains my heart.

On Thee I fix my single eye,
Thee only seek to glorify,
And make Thy goodness known ;
Resolved, if Thou my labors bless,
To give Thee back my whole success,
To praise my God alone.

The friendly properties that flow
Through Nature's various works, I know
The Fountain whence they came;
And every plant, and every flower
Medicinal derives its power
From Jesu's balmy Name.

Confiding in that Name alone,
Jesus, I in Thy work go on,
To tend Thy sick and poor,
Dispenser of Thy medicines I;
But Thou the blessing must supply,
But Thou must give the cure.

For this I humbly wait on Thee:
The servant of Thy servants see
Devoted to Thy will,
Determined in Thy steps to go,
And bless the sickly sons of woe,
Who groan Thy help to feel.

Afflicted by Thy gracious hand,
They now may justly all demand
My instrumental care:
Thy patients, Lord, shall still be mine;
And to my weak attempts I join
My strong effectual prayer.

O while Thou givest their bodies ease,
Convince them of their worst disease,

The sickness of the mind;
And let them groan by sin opprest,
Till coming unto Thee for rest,
Rest to their souls they find.

With these and every sin-sick soul,
I come myself to be made whole,
And wait the sovereign word.
Thou canst, I know, Thou dost forgive
But let me without sinning live,
To perfect love restored.

Myself, alas, I cannot heal;
But Thou shalt every seed expel
Of sin out of my heart,
Thine utmost saving health display,
And purge my inbred sin away,
And make me as Thou art.

Till then in Thy blest hands I am,
And still in faith the grace I claim
To all believers given.
Perfect the cure in me begun,
And when my work on earth is done,
Receive me up to heaven.

1742.

FOR A FAMILY.

PEACE be to this habitation,
Peace to every soul herein!
Peace, the foretaste of salvation,
Peace, the seal of cancelled sin.
Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver,
Peace to earthly minds unknown,
Peace divine, that lasts forever,
Here erect its glorious throne.

On the son of peace descending,
On the daughter of Thy grace,
Big with comforts never ending,
Let the promise now take place:
Each receive the gracious shower,
Each the gospel blessing prove,
Witness of Thy pardoning power,
Witness of Thy perfect Love.

Now Thy love-infusing Spirit
Shed in every heart abroad
Rise, through Thy imputed merit,
Every child a child of God!
Each receive the constant witness,
Each obtain the joyous rest;
Taste in Thee celestial sweetness,
God residing in their breast.

Claim for Thine each faithful servant
By the reconciling Word;
Pure in heart, in spirit fervent,
Let them serve their heavenly Lord,
For Thy pardoning Love adore Thee,
Walk in sinless liberty,
Brethren to the King of glory,
Friends of God, and heirs with Thee.

Visit, Lord, with Thy salvation
Every providential guest,
Every friend and kind relation
Take into Thy people's Rest.
Conscious of Thy sacred presence
Let them feel the loving fear,
Cry with blissful acquiescence
God, the pardoning God, is here.

Prince of Peace, if Thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts Thy home;
By Thy last appearing cheer us,
Quickly let Thy kingdom come.
Answer all our expectation,
Give our raptured souls to prove
Glorious, uttermost salvation,
Heavenly, everlasting love!

1749.

FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest God, forbid it not:
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

Put Thy hands upon my head,
Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy breast,
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in Thy embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling face.
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

O that I may never know
What the wicked people do!

Sin is contrary to Thee,
Sin is the forbidden tree.

Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpless innocence;
Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my Example be;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast once a little Child.

Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be;
Thou art all humility.
Let me to my betters bow;
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own;

Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am.
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days:
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

1742.

FOR A WOMAN NEAR THE TIME OF HER TRAVAIL.

I.

Righteous, O Lord, Thy judgments are!
Ordained by Thy decree
In sorrow to conceive and bear,
I bow my soul to Thee.
Daughter of Eve, Thy voice I hear,
Appointing my distress,
And prostrate in the dust revere
Thy awful Righteousness.

The misery of my fall I feel,
And patiently sustain;

But save me from the extremest ill,
The more than mortal pain.
The utmost penalty decreed,
The utmost wrath forbear,
And spare me, O Thou Woman's Seed,
Thou Son of Mary, spare!

If once to swell the Virgin's womb,
Great God, Thou didst not scorn,
But Man Thyself for me become,
Of Thy own creature born;
Partaker of our flesh and blood,
Our sorrows still partake,
And screen me from the curse of God
For Thy own Nature's sake.

O Son of Man, assuage my woes,
My rising fears control,
And sanctify the mother's throes,
And save the mother's soul.
Thy blessed, sanctifying will
I know concerning me,
By faith assured I ne'er shall feel
That endless misery.

My Saviour from the wrath to come,
From present evil save,
And farther mitigate my doom,
Nor let me see the grave.

Still hold my soul in life, I pray,
A dying worm reprieve,
And let me all my lengthened day
Unto Thy glory live.

Now, Lord, I have to Thee made known
My troubled soul's request,
And sink in calm dependence down
Within Thy arms to rest:
Secure in danger's blackest hour
Thy faithfulness to prove,
Protected by almighty Power
And everlasting Love.

II.

Save, Jesus, save! my hour is near
Of sorrow and distress;
And lo, I faint, opprest with fear
Of my own helplessness.
My littleness of faith I feel,
And sink o'erwhelmed again,
Awed by the salutary ill,
The pain-preventing pain.

But ah, Thou know'st an heavier care
Hath all my soul o'erspread;
And pain and death are light to bear
Compared with what I dread.
My life I freely would resign
And lay this moment down,

Rather than see a child of mine
Eternally undone.

But wilt Thou suffer me to bear
A sad reverse of Thee,
A graceless, miserable heir
Of endless misery;
Expose it to the world's black wild
And sin's malignant power?
And must I, Lord, bring forth a child
For Satan to devour?

Rather resume the blessings lent,
And stop Thy creature's breath;
And by a temporal, prevent
An everlasting death.
Before it draws this tainted air,
My harmless infant slay,
Or let the sad *Benoni* tear
My bleeding life away.

The keys of death and hell are held
In Thine almighty hand,
And all the powers of nature yield
To Thy supreme command.
Destroy the candidate for light,
Or slay me in its stead;
Childless among the living write,
Or free among the dead.

Or let the sleeping babe remain
In its maternal tomb,
And safe from sin, and safe from pain,
Forever swell the womb,
Till wakened by the trumpet's sound
We both triumphant rise,
And see our Life with glory crowned,
And grasp Him in the skies.

III.

But if Thou otherwise ordain,
All gracious as Thou art,
And bring me through the perilous pain
To act a mother's part:
My infant yet unborn receive,
An offering to the sky,
And let it for Thy glory live,
And for Thy glory die.

To Thee, great God, in Jesu's Name,
Devoted from the womb,
For Thine alone my offspring claim,
And when Thou wilt, resume.
My child, like Jephtha's daughter, seize,
A sacrifice divine:
Or if a son his parents bless,
The Nazarite is Thine.

Or in the morning of his day,
Or call him back at noon;

I will not murmur for his stay,
Or cry, he died too soon.
I freely render Thee Thy right,
And in Thy pleasure rest;
For Love and Wisdom infinite
Must always choose the best.

My every creature-good remove;
But let Thy handmaid gain
The witness of Thy pardoning Love,
And still the grace retain:
Retain, by mercy reconciled,
The sense of sin forgiven;
And meet at last my happy child
With all my friends in heaven.

Family Hymns, 1767.

ANOTHER.

Full of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Author, God of my salvation,
I Thy timely aid implore.
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.

Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In Thy days of flesh below,
When Thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe:
When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burthened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

By Thy most severe temptation
In that dark satanic hour;
By Thy last mysterious Passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of Thy spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree,
By Thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me!
By Thy Death I Thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

Family Hymns, 1767

ANOTHER.

JESUS, Thou Son of Mary,
Thou Son of the Most High,
Lo, at Thy feet I tarry,
And on Thy truth rely.
In awful expectation
Of my distressing hour,
I look for Thy salvation,
For all Thy mercy's power.

On Thee, my Health in sickness,
My feeble soul is stayed;
Thy strength in human weakness
Is perfectly displayed:
Thou never wilt forsake me,
Who on Thy Love depend,
But to Thy bosom take me,
Till pain with life shall end.

Family Hymns, '77

FOR A NEW-BORN CHILD.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, come,
Enter now Thy human shrine;
Take my offspring from the womb:
Mine he is not, Lord, but Thine.
Thine this moment let him be,
Thine to all eternity.

Seize, O seize his tender heart,
Beating to the vital air;
Everlasting life impart,
Sow the seed of glory there.
Grace be to my infant given,
Grace, the principle of heaven.

Soon as reason's glimmering ray
Feebly faint begins to shine,
Let the spark of grace display
Stronger influence divine:
All the life of sin control,
Spread throughout his new-born soul.

Father, draw him from his birth
With the cords of heavenly Love;
From the trivial joys of earth
Raise his mind to joys above.
Gently lead Thy favorite on
Till Thou giv'st him to Thy Son.

Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
In his ransomed nature rise:
Bruiser of the serpent's head,
Give him back his paradise.
Nature into grace convert,
Grave Thine image on his heart.

Spirit of life and love and power,
The deep things of God reveal:

Seal him from his natal hour,
Him the heir of glory seal;
Strong with sevenfold energy,
Stamp, and fit him for the sky.

Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
Enter now Thy human shrine;
Take my offspring from the womb;
Mine he is not, Lord, but Thine.
Thine this moment let him be,
Thine to all eternity.

Family Hymns, 1767

FOR PARENTS.

I.

How fast the chains of nature bind
Our poor degenerate race!
What darkness clouds the parent's mind,
If unrenewed by grace!
As sworn to take the tempter's part,
They fatally employ
Their utmost power and utmost art
Their offspring to destroy.

By Satan's subtlety beguiled,
To Satan's school they send,
And each delights the favorite child
To humor and commend.

The proud with ranker pride they fill,
Heighten their worst disease,
And fondly soothe the stubborn will
To tenfold stubbornness.

With lust of pleasure, wealth, and fame,
Their children they inspire,
And every vain desire inflame,
And every passion fire.
They wish them good, but rather great,
Religious, but genteel;
Pious, yet fond of pomp and state;
As heaven would mix with hell.

Adorned in pearl and rich array
You see the murderer's prize!
As crowned with flowers, the victims gay
Are led to sacrifice.
Down a broad, easy way they glide
To endless misery;
And curse their doting parents' pride
To all eternity.

Others, an half-discerning few,
The fond excess condemn,
And rush with headlong zeal into
The merciless extreme.
They vent their passion's furious heat
In stern, tyrannic sway;
Their children as their beasts entreat,
And force the slaves to obey.

With notions fraught, the Stoics sour
  Pursue their rigid plan ;
In weakness look for perfect power,
  In babes the strength of man.
The wisdom ripe of hoary hairs
  From children they require ;
Till time their scheme in pieces tears,
  And all in smoke expire.

Harassed by long domestic war,
  With scarce a trace between,
The children's tender minds abhor
  The Egyptian discipline.
They quite throw off the yoke severe,
  O'er nature's wilds to rove,
And hate the objects of their fear,
  Whom they could never love.

II.

God only wise, almighty, good,
  Send forth Thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
  And guide our steps aright :
To steer our dangerous course between
  The rocks on either hand ;
And fix us in the golden mean,
  And bring our charge to land.

Made apt by Thy sufficient grace
  To teach as taught by Thee,

We come to train in all Thy ways
Our rising progeny:
Their selfish will by times subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.

We would in every step look up,
By Thy example taught
To alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.
We would persuade their hearts to obey
With mildest zeal proceed;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear
And pure ingenuous love:
To watch their will, to sense inclined,
Withhold the hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

III.

Father of Lights, Thy needful aid
To us who ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

O'erwhelmed with justest fear, again
To Thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By Thee unsaved, we fall.

Unless restrained by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see;
We see, and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry.
We plunge ourselves in endless woes,
Our hapless infant sell;
Resist the light, and side with those
Who send their babes to hell.

Ah, what avails superior light,
Without superior love?
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve:
We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong;
And we shall do the same.

We censure them, ourselves untried,
For passionate excess,
Who train their children up in pride
And sloth and stubbornness:
Less savage, to our judgment, they
Who slew their little ones,
Or left to ravenous beasts a prey,
Or dashed against the stones.

Yet spite of our resolves, we fear
  Our own infirmity,
And tremble at the trial near,
  And cry, O God, to Thee!
We soon shall do what we condemn,
  And, down the current borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream
  Too strong for us to turn.

Our only Help in danger's hour,
  Our only Strength Thou art;
Above the world and tempter's power,
  And greater than our heart.
Us from ourselves Thou canst secure,
  In nature's slippery ways,
And make our feeble footsteps sure,
  By Thy sufficient grace.

If on Thy promised grace alone
  We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt protect Thy own,
  And keep us to the end:
Wilt make us tenderly discreet
  To guard what Thou hast given;
And bring our child with us to meet
  At Thy right hand in heaven.

Family Hymns, 1767.

THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

What follies abound
Where reason is drowned
By an heathenish nurse in a torrent of sound!
When, by Satan beguiled
With sonnets defiled,
She angers her Maker, to quiet her child!

Who the Saviour and Son
Of Mary have known,
They delight to converse with their Jesus alone:
They at all times proclaim
His wonderful Name;
And in tending their infants they sing of the Lamb.

The Lamb from the throne
Of His Father came down;
He was flesh of our flesh, He was bone of our bone.
The omnipotent Lord
By all heaven adored,
The invisible Godhead appeared in the Word.

With the children of men
Jehovah was seen,
Through the veil of our dignified nature between
The Ancient of Days
Discovered His face,
And admitted His angels with rapture to gaze.

Who gave all things to be,
What a wonder to see
Him born of His creature, and nursed on her knee!
The Infant divine
(Let all creatures combine
To acknowledge the grace) was as helpless as mine!

Family Hymns, 1767

FOR A CHILD.

O MIGHT he live before Thee,
My well-beloved son;
With tender fear adore Thee,
His God while yet unknown!
Thine eye of mercy guide him
Into the land of rest;
And let no ill betide him,
By his Creator blest.

That from his kind Creator
He never may depart,
Keep, in the state of nature,
His inexperienced heart;
Unconquered by temptation,
By Satan unbeguiled;
From each alluring passion
Preserve my giddy child.

The unsuspicious stranger
To our malignant race
From every hidden danger
Deliver by Thy grace:
From popular infection.
From every great offense,
Thy Love be the protection
Of thoughtless innocence.

Prevent, restrain, attend him,
Through a wide world of ill,
Till Thou call forth and send him
To do Thy blessed will:
By Thy predestination
The heavenly seed to sow,
And minister salvation,
And serve Thy saints below.

Family Hymns, 1767

AT SENDING A CHILD TO THE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

Not without Thy direction
From us our child we send,
And to Thy sure protection
Her innocence commend.
Jesus, Thou Friend and Lover
Of hapless infancy,

With wings of mercy cover
A soul beloved by Thee.

Evil communication,
O let it not pervert,
Or fill with pride and passion
Her fond unwary heart:
Preserve her uninfected,
In answer to our prayers,
From dangers unsuspected,
From twice ten thousand snares.

Let no affections foolish
Or vain, her spirit soil;
Let no instructions polish
Her nature into guile:
No low dissimulation
Place in her bosom find;
No worldly art or fashion
Corrupt her simple mind.

Our little one, believing,
Beneath Thy care we place,
And see Thee, Lord, receiving
Her into Thine embrace.
Thyself her inward Teacher,
Thyself her Guardian be,
And graciously enrich her
With all that is in Thee.

Family Hymns, 1767.

FOR AN UNCONVERTED HUSBAND.

SEARCHER of hearts, to Thee I fly,
In doubly deep distress apply
For help to Thee alone.
I want to feel Thy pardoning Love;
I want my partner's heart to prove
That mystic peace unknown.

Thy goodness formed and turned his mind;
Thou mad'st him generous, just, and kind:
Yet O, incarnate God,
Through Thee escaped the gulf of vice,
In nature's deadly sleep he lies,
Nor pants to feel Thy Blood.

Thou know'st, if not a foe professed,
A stranger to Thy Cross, at rest
Without Thy grace he lives:
Thoughtless of death and judgment near,
His joy, his good, his portion here
Contented he receives.

Saviour, his slumbering spirit call;
Awake, upraise him from his fall,
And show the Fountain nigh:
Ah, give him now himself to see,
To feel his need of faith and Thee,
And then his need supply.

Till he awakes I cannot rest;
Or, blest myself, be singly blest,
To him so closely joined,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone:
Thyself of twain hast made us one,
In will, and heart, and mind.

O might we one become in Thee!
The great mysterious unity
Of sacred wedlock prove;
To Zion hand in hand repair,
And fitted for Thy presence, share
The marriage-feast above!

Family Hymns, 1767.

FOR WIDOWS.

Weep, ye common mourners, weep,
Tell aloud your shallow woe.
Silent all my griefs, and deep,
In an even current flow,
Till they reach the peaceful sea,
Lost in calm eternity.

Wisely let me mourn my dead,
Live according to his will;
In the Saviour's footsteps tread,
All my calling's work fulfil,

Act through life the decent part,
Give to God my broken heart.

Happy soul! what wills he now?
(God and he desire the same.)
Wills he I should set my brow,
Glory in my Master's shame,
Him with simple faith confess,
Stand with Jesu's witnesses?

Would he I should closer cleave
To the souls that cleave to God?
Still into my heart receive
All who know the atoning Blood;
Only in the saints delight,
Walk with Christ and them in white?

Teach me, O my Guide, my Friend,
Heavenly Counsellor divine;
To Thy secret purpose bend
This obedient heart of mine:
Make Thine utmost pleasure known:
All Thy will on me be done.

Lead me into every deed
Which for me Thou hast prepared:
Me with all Thy children lead
To my infinite reward,
To my friend that waits above,
To my throne of glorious love.

1749

ANOTHER.

Thou very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on Thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast
Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in Thee.

Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind,
The wounded spirit's Balm Thou art,
The Healer of mankind.
In deep affliction blest
With Thee I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distrest,
Thine all-sufficient Love.

Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
In vain the creature-streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still.
Stript of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

1749.

ANOTHER

Thanks be to God alone
Who comforts the distrest!
His faithful Word I own,
Which speaks the mourner blest.
A daughter of affliction, I
On Jesus cast my care,
And for my native country sigh,
And for my kindred there.

My company is gone
Over the stream before,
And lo, I hasten on
To yon eternal shore.
That happy sharer of my heart
I there again shall find,
Where time and death can never part
The souls in Jesus joined.

I quickly shall o'ertake
My dear departed friend,
Received for Jesu's sake
To joys that never end.
Even now I taste the blessed hope
Through Jesu's Passion given:
It swallows all my sorrows up,
And turns this earth to heaven.

Whom next to God I love,
He beckons me away,
To solemnize above
Our second bridal-day.
I come, my longing soul replies,
To Jesu's arms I come,
And force my passage to the skies,
And fly triumphant home.

1749.

ANOTHER.

Rest, my troubled spirit, rest,
So long with tempests tost!
God hath caught him to His breast,
Hath found whom I have lost.
Lost as for a moment's space,
Till I after him repair
To that happy, happy place,
And claim my husband there.

Can a true believer doubt
If souls each other know?
Surely I shall find him out
Whom most I prized below.
Later, but at last, removed,
I shall then my wish obtain,
Meet Him with my best-beloved,
And never part again.

Happy both, no matter then
Which of us went before;
Both at Jesu's side are seen,
And live to die no more.
Both our golden harps employ,
Vocal with our Saviour's Name;
Both the blissful sight enjoy,
The presence of the Lamb.

Who can tell the solid bliss
Which in this hope I prove?
We shall see Him as He is,
The glorious God of love.
We shall sink with all His host,
All that know the atoning Blood,
Sink, o'erwhelmed, o'erpowered, and lost,
And swallowed up in God.

1749.

FOR ONE IN PAIN.

Pain, my old companion pain,
Seldom parted from my side,
Welcome to thy seat again;
Here, if God permits, abide.
Pledge of sure approaching ease,
Haste to stop my wretched breath;
Rugged messenger of peace,
Joyful harbinger of death.

Foe to nature as thou art,
I embrace thee as my friend:
Thou shalt bid my griefs depart,
Bring me to my journey's end.
Yes, I joyfully decay,
Homeward through thy help I haste:
Thou hast shook the house of clay;
Surely it will fall at last.

Kind remembrancer, to thee
Many a cheerful thought I owe:
Witness of mortality,
Wise through thee, my end I know.
Warned by every pain I feel
Of my dissolution near,
Pleased the lessening hours I tell;
Quickly shall the last be here.

Sacred, salutary ill,
Thee though foolish man miscall,
Mingled by my Father's skill,
Sweet as honey is the gall.
Who beneath thy pressure groan,
Chief of ills who reckon thee,
Sin, alas! they ne'er have known;
Sin is perfect misery.

Free from sin I soon shall live,
Free from sin while here below;
Only thou may'st still survive
Till the joys of heaven I know,
Of my starry crown possest;
All thy office then is o'er.
When I gain the glorious Rest,
Pain and suffering are no more.

1749.

FOR ONE VISITED WITH SICKNESS.

O THOU whose wise paternal Love
Hath brought my active vigor down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve;
And prostrate at Thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer *do ;*
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show :
My patience may Thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

But since without Thy Spirit's might
Thou know'st I nothing can endure ;
The help I ask in Jesu's right,
The strength He did for me procure,
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

This single good I humbly crave :
This single good on me bestow :
And when my one desire I have,
Let every other blessing go.
Ah, do not, Lord, my suit deny ;
I only want to love, and die.

Or let me live, of love possest,
In weakness, weariness, and pain :
The anguish of my laboring breast,
The daily cross I still sustain
For Him that languished on the Tree,
But lived, before He died, for me.

Family Hymns, 1767

IN SICKNESS AND SORROW.

Of a dejected spirit
I want the sovereign cure;
The all-atoning Merit
Which makes salvation sure.
In secret meditation
On an expiring God,
I wait the application
Of Jesu's balmy Blood.

What but my faithful thinking
On Him who stained the Tree,
Can prop my nature, sinking
In its own misery?
What but the sacred Fountain
Which purged a world of sin,
Can move this guilty mountain,
And give me peace within?

When sick of sin I languish,
My plague incurable,
My wounded spirit's anguish
Will men or angels heal?
So desperate my condition,
I only can confide
In that divine Physician
Who for His patients died.

His Death the sinner raises;
With His own Love revealed,

My mouth is filled with praises,
My heart with joy is filled.
A blessed man forgiven,
A saved, regenerate soul,
I go in peace to heaven,
When faith hath made me whole.

Family Hymns, 1767.

IN ADVANCING AGE.

How foolish was my hope and vain
That age would conquer sin,
My nature's enmity restrain,
And end the war within ;
Would tame my passion's wild excess,
The slighted world o'erthrow,
The fiend's malicious rage repress,
And weary out the foe !

Because his time to tempt and try
Is short, he tempts the more,
And hunts me on the wing to fly
Beyond his baleful power ;
His utmost rage and strength exerts
Before I 'scape away,
And strives by all his hellish arts
My parting soul to slay.

My heart he turns to earthly things
From which I soon shall go,

And closer to the world it clings,
And seeks its rest below.
By base mistrust impelled to spare,
I cloak the sordid vice,
And in the garb of prudent care
Applaud my avarice.

My stiff-necked stubbornness of will
By time is not subdued,
My carnal mind is carnal still
And enmity to God:
With years infirmities increase,
While strength and patience fails,
And countless ills my spirit oppress,
And peevish flesh prevails.

The sin which long beset my soul
Would reusurp the sway,
Reason's enfeebled powers control,
And force me still to obey:
With shame indignantly I groan,
With lifted heart and eyes,
And smite my aged breast, and own
That anger never dies.

What must a dying sinner do,
From sin to be set free?
Merciful God, and strong, and true,
I gasp for help to Thee.
O let my utter helplessness
Thy kind compassion move!

I cannot, Lord, from sinning cease,
Till I begin to love.

O might Thy love on me bestowed
The love of sin expel,
O'ercome the world, cast down their god,
With all the powers of hell!
The works of Satan to destroy,
Jesus, in me appear;
In peace and righteousness and joy
Restore Thy kingdom here.

Peace, righteousness, and joy divine
Thou dost with love impart;
That Thou art Love, that Thou art mine,
Assure my happy heart.
Then am I meet for my reward,
Renewed in holiness,
And live the image of my Lord,
And die to see Thy face.

Preparation for Death, 1772

IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

WARNED of my dissolution,
Unfit to die or live,
With horror and confusion
The summons I receive.
I want the preparation
Before I hence depart,

The knowledge of salvation,
The purity of heart.

O that the Blood which cleanses
From all iniquity,
To blot out my offences,
Were sprinkled now on me!
What but that Blood's applying
Can purge this inbred stain,
Can save a sinner dying,
And make me love again?

With cries and tears unceasing
I ask Thee to bestow
On me the long-sought blessing,
And let my spirit go.
Thy Love to me discover
While on the brink I stand,
And waft in safety over
To that celestial land.

'T is all my soul's desire,
'T is all my business here,
That precious love to acquire,
And then to disappear;
With those in heavenly places
The Saviour to commend,
And hymn in endless praises
My soul's eternal Friend.

Preparation for Death, 1772

FOR CONDEMNED CRIMINALS.

RETURNED into Thy kingdom, Lord,
For good remember me,
And tell a penitent restored
I soon shall be with Thee.

The offering of a broken heart
Thou never wilt despise,
But while my soul and body part
Accept the sacrifice.

My spirit humbly I commend
To Thy redeeming care;
My last important moments spend
In penitence and prayer.

And if I may not testify
On earth my sins forgiven,
Yet I, the poorest outcast I,
May praise Thy Love in heaven.

Prayers for Condemned Malefactors, 1785

ANOTHER.

AND let these wretched bodies die,
If Thou at last receive
The souls Thou didst so dearly buy,
That we with God might live.

Death as the wages of our sin
Our just desert we claim,
But hope eternal Life to win
Through grace and Jesu's Name.

Jesus, Thou all-redeeming Lord,
Remember Calvary,
And think on sinners self-abhorred,
Who gasp in death to Thee.

And while Thy mercy's utmost power
On us is magnified,
O save us at our latest hour,
Who hast for felons died!

Prayers for Condemned Malefactors, 1785

FOR ONE DEPARTING.

Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His Merit,
Reaches out the crown of Love.

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,

To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting Rest.
For the joy He sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

1749.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

'T is finished, 't is done!
The spirit is fled,
The prisoner is gone,
The Christian is dead!
The Christian is living
In Jesus's Love,
And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.

All honor and praise
Are Jesus's due!
Supported by grace
He fought his way through;
Triumphantly glorious
Through Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er sin, death, and hell.

Then let us record
The conquering Name,

Our Captain and Lord
With shoutings proclaim.
Who trust in His Passion
And follow our Head,
To certain salvation
We all shall be led.

O Jesus, lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteousness there,
Where dazzled with glory
The seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore Thee
In silence of praise.

Come, Lord, and display
Thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away
To mansions on high;
The kingdom be given,
The purchase divine,
And crown us in heaven
Eternally Thine.

Smaller *Funeral Hymns*, 1744.

ANOTHER.

Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory!
True and faithful to Thy Word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son;
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

Lo, the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load:
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God!
Lo, the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies;
Finds his God, and sits and sings
Triumphing in paradise.

Join we then with one accord
In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain:
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain.
Thou art entered into joy:
Let the unbelievers mourn:
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

1742

ANOTHER.

Rejoice for a brother deceased!
Our loss is his infinite gain!
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of Love.

Our brother the haven hath gained,
  Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
  And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
  Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
  And sorrow and sin are no more.

There all the ship's company meet
  Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
  And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life 's at an end,
  The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
  Forever and ever shall last.

Smaller *Funeral Hymns*, 1744

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Farewell, thou once a sinner,
  My poor afflicted friend!
Thy Lord, thy faith's Beginner,
  Is now its glorious End!
The Author of thy being
  Hath summoned thee away,
And faith is lost in seeing,
  And night in endless Day.

Thy days of pain and mourning.
  Thy punishment is past,
And to thy God returning
  Thy soul is saved at last:
Saved from a world of evils,
  With Jesus Christ shut in,
Beyond the range of devils,
  Beyond the reach of sin.

No more o'erwhelmed with terrors
  Or racked with doubts thou art;
No more the Almighty's arrows
  Transfix thy bleeding heart.
No more thy wounded spirit
  Faints under its full load,
Or cries, "What man can bear it,
  The heavy wrath of God!"

The waves and storms of passion
  Are all past o'er thy head;
From trouble and temptation
  Thou liv'st forever freed.
No loss of friends shall grieve thee,
  While all thy Eden share;
They cannot, cannot leave thee,
  Thy kind companions there.

With those that went before thee,
  The saints of ancient days
Who shine in sacred story,
  Thy soul hath found its place.

Acquainted with their sadness
While in the weeping vale,
Thou sharest now their gladness,
And joys that never fail.

Thine earthly course is ended,
Thou hast obtained the prize,
Triumphantly ascended
To God in paradise.
From all thy care and sorrow
Thou art escaped to-day;
And I shall mount to-morrow,
And I shall soar away.

Jesus, my Hope of glory,
I owe it to Thy grace
That I shall soon adore Thee,
And see Thee face to face.
Fulfil my expectation,
And O, to take me home,
With all Thy great salvation
This happy moment come!

1749

ON THE DEATH OF SAMUEL HITCHINS

Again we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joys!
Cause of highest rapture this,
Rapture that shall never fail;

See a soul escaped to bliss,
Keep the Christian Festival!

Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all these storms outrode,
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies!
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped forever from his eyes?

No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go
From a suffering Church beneath
To a reigning Church above:
Thou hast more than conquered death:
Thou art crowned with life and love.

Thou in thy youthful prime
Hast leaped the bounds of time:
Suddenly from earth released,
Lo, we now rejoice for thee,
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share!
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Now prepare, and take us now!

1749.

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS BEARD, *WHO WAS IMPREST FOR A SOLDIER, AND DIED IN THE HOSPITAL AT NEWCASTLE.*

SOLDIER of Christ, adieu!
Thy conflicts here are past;
Thy Lord hath brought thee through,
And given the crown at last.
Rejoice to wear the glorious prize,
Rejoice with God in Paradise.

There all thy sufferings cease,
There all thy griefs are o'er:
The prisoner is at peace,
The mourner weeps no more.
From man's oppressive tyranny
Thou livest, thou livest forever free.

Torn from thy friends below
In banishment severe,
A man of strife and woe,
No more thou wanderest here;

Joined to thy better friends above,
At rest in thy Redeemer's Love.

No longer now constrained
With human fiends to dwell,
To see their evil pained,
Their blasphemies to feel;
Angels and saints thy comrades are,
And all adore the Saviour there.

Thou canst not there bemoan
Thy friends' or country's loss,
Through sore oppression groan,
Or faint beneath the cross.
The joy hath swallowed up the pain,
And death is thy eternal gain.

What hath their malice done
Who hurried hence thy soul?
When half thy race was run
They pushed thee to the goal,
Sent to the souls supremely blest,
And drove thee to thy earlier rest.

Thou out of great distress
To thy reward art past,
Triumphant happiness
And joys that always last.
Thanks be to God, who set thee free,
And gave the final victory

Thy victory we share,
Thy glorious joy we feel.
Parted in flesh we are,
But joined in spirit still;
And still we on our brethren call
To praise the common Lord of all.

Not for your needless aid,
Not for your useless prayers,
(Jesus for us hath prayed,
And all our burthens bears)
Yet still on you we call, and cry,
Extol the Lord of earth and sky.

Thus let us still maintain
Our fellowship divine,
And till we meet again
In Jesu's praises join:
Thus, till we all your raptures know,
Sing you above, and we below!

1749.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN HUTCHINSON, JULY 23, 1754.

Glory and thanks and praise
To Him who reigns above,
The God of unexampled grace,
Of unexhausted Love:

Whose Spirit, often grieved,
Hath all long-suffering shown,
And now to Paradise received
His poor rebellious son.

His son (and mine) is fled
Beyond the reach of sin;
The everlasting doors displayed
Admit the wanderer in.
Shout, all ye heavenly choir,
The doubtful conflict past;
My son is scarcely saved by fire,
But he *is* saved at last.

'Scaped from a life of pain,
Disburthened of his load,
The struggling soul hath burst its chain
Of peevish flesh and blood:
Safe to the haven brought,
Where storms can never come,
And every folly, every fault,
Is buried in his tomb.

The pain, whose lingering strife
And frequent impulse tore
The wasted seats of irksome life,
Shall never vex him more.
Nor love's severe excess,
Nor anger's furious start,
Can his indignant spirit oppress,
Or rend his frantic heart.

The tyrannizing power
Of his own wayward will,
The buffetings of sin are o'er,
The stubborn pulse is still.
Jesus hath heard our prayer,
And caught him to His breast,
And lulled the self-tormentor there
To everlasting rest.

Omnipotent to save,
Thou didst Thine arm reveal,
And on the margin of the grave
All his backslidings heal.
Thou didst Thy Blood impart
To sign his soul's release,
And whisper love into his heart,
And bid him die in peace.

Our hearts with hopes and fears,
Dying, he chills and warms,
The sad desponding sinner cheers,
The confident alarms.
Left to the tempter's power,
He cries to all, "Beware,"
But pardoned at his latest hour,
Prohibits our despair.

Instructed from above,
Let us the warning take,
Nor ever, Lord, abuse Thy Love,
Or Thee or Thine forsake.

Ah, rather now receive
The purchase of Thy Blood,
Than let us live to tempt or grieve
The patience of our God.

In self-mistrusting fear
Thy mercy we implore,
To keep us till our conflicts here
Triumphantly are o'er.
Ah, make us better, Lord,
And take us at the best,
Meet to receive our full reward
In Love's eternal feast.

Larger *Funeral Hymns*, 1759

ANOTHER.

WHY should my tears forever flow?
Why should I wail the close of woe,
The end of misery?
His real life doth still remain;
Nothing is dead but grief and pain,
But that which wished to die.

My HUTCHINSON himself survives;
He lives, to GOD he greatly lives!
The imperishable part

Is rapt beyond our world of care;
Yet now by faithful love I bear
His image on my heart.

I see the generous friend sincere!
His voice still vibrates in my ear,
The voice of truth and love:
It calls me to put off my clay,
It bids me soar with him away
To fairer worlds above.

Not even in death his friendship dies:
With grateful pity and surprise
I ask, how can it be?
Loosened from all he leaves behind,
Yet still, unutterably kind,
Yet still he cleaves to me.

On me he rests his dying head,
And catching grasps a broken reed,
But will not let me part,
Till Jesus visits him again,
By nobler love dissolves the chain,
And vindicates his heart.

Soon as the heavenly Guest arrives,
No more he fondly pants and strives
To intwist his soul with mine;
He shakes me off, and then his clay;
He gives me up, and dies away
Into the arms divine.

Departed hence in perfect peace,
He loves me now without excess
Or passionate alloy;
Serene, he waits my spirit's flight
To range with his the plains of light
And climb the mount of joy.

Reposed in those Elysian seats
Where Jonathan his David meets,
Our souls shall soon embrace,
The utmost power of friendship prove,
Commenced on earth, matured above,
In ecstasies of praise.

How shall we sing and triumph there,
Our dangers and escapes compare,
Our days of flesh and woe!
How comprehend the plan divine,
And sweetly in His praises join
Through whom we met below.

Through whom in paradise we meet,
Great Author of our joy complete,
Thee, Jesus, we proclaim,
While all the saints stand listening round,
And all the realms of bliss resound
Salvation to the Lamb.

The Lamb hath brought us through the fire
The Lamb shall raise our raptures higher,
When all from earth are driven:

Our glorious Head shall cleave the skies
And bid His Church triumphant rise
From paradise to heaven.

Larger *Funeral Hymns*, 1759.

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1 *THESSALONIANS IV.* 13.

Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

If death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bid'st me mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in Thee.

I feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up
Beneath its mountain load;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again
Within the arms of God.

Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death hath snatched away;
For me Thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend
In that eternal Day.

Scripture Hymns, 1762

EPITAPH.

THREE innocents lie buried here,
Who in their dawn of day
Rejoiced before the Lord to appear,
And 'scaped at once away.

At once their pardon they received
With Jesu's Blood applied;
His witnesses awhile they lived,
His witnesses they died.

Quickened at once they soon shall rise,
Their Saviour's joy to share;
Reader, expect Him from the skies,
And thou shalt meet Him there.

1749.

Doctrinal and Polemic.

THE FOUNDATION.

FAITH, though rational, is founded
Not on man, but God alone;
On the great Jehovah grounded,
Persons Three in essence One.
Who aright his Lord confesses,
Unremovable he stands,
Fixt on an eternal basis,
Stablished with almighty hands.

Not on vain imaginations
Do we, Lord, for proof depend;
Not on fancied inspirations,
When Thou dost Thy Spirit send.
Unenlightened reason leaves us
Nought to build our faith upon:
Evidence Thy Spirit gives us
Brighter than the mid-day sun.

Slighting nature's every feeling
We on grace alone rely:
God in us His Son revealing
Makes us *Abba Father* cry.

When we find the hidden Treasure,
Christ, discovered from above,
Then our souls perceive the pleasure,
Impulse sweet of Jesus' love.

O that all our blind gainsayers
Might the loving impulse feel!
Triune God, regard our prayers;
Thou in them Thyself reveal.
By the Spirit's demonstration
Teach their hearts the mystery;
Show to each the great salvation;
Tell him, *I have pardoned thee.*

Hymns on the Trinity, 1767.

DEAD ORTHODOXY.

RIGHT notions have their slender use,
But cannot a sound faith produce
Or vital piety:
They cannot make the Godhead known,
Or manifest Jehovah One
In coeternal Three.

That virtue doth from Christ proceed;
That power which animates the dead
The Spirit of life exerts;
The Father His own Son reveals,
The triune God His image seals
With pardon on our hearts.

A fond imagination vain,
A shadow floating in the brain,
Which we for faith misdeem,
The mere result of nature's powers, —
'T is not a work of God but ours,
'T is all a waking dream.

The orthodox renowned in fight,
Fierce champions for opinions right,
May reason's strength display:
Their Arian and Socinian foes,
And heresy's whole household knows
The Truth as much as they.

The Truth that makes us free indeed,
We cannot learn it from our creed.
The Truth that sanctifies
To bring us faith returns from heaven,
And, Father, Son, and Spirit given,
Conducts us to the skies.

Jesus the Truth, the Life, the Way,
Thou in me with Thy Father stay,
Thou with Thy Spirit descend.
I then shall know Thee as Thou art,
The God who never will depart,
My soul's eternal Friend.

Hymns on the Trinity, 1767.

FOR FORMALISTS.

Mysterious God in Persons Three,
  Stir up Thy judging power
'Gainst formal crowds who bow the knee,
  And only seem to adore;
Who Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
  Presume for theirs to claim,
Their zeal and orthodoxy boast,
  Yet never knew Thy Name.

Full of themselves, with learned pride
  Their talents they display,
And Thy true worshippers deride
  That walk in Christ the Way,
That live by faith, the gift of God,
  Confess Thee as Thou art,
And daily feel the sprinkled Blood
  Which purifies our heart.

Concerning this we now agree,
  Petitioners for them;
Who neither know themselves nor Thee,
  The infidels condemn!
Convince them that their faith is vain,
  A feeble, broken reed,
As standing in the words of men,
  The letters of a creed.

Themselves they call the Church of God,
And heretics despise;
But more contemptuously explode
The wisdom of the wise.
The heartfelt faith that works by love
They count a madman's dream,
And all Thy kingdom from above
With blindfold rage blaspheme.

Ah, Lord, in them the work begin,
Their confidence abase;
Drag out to light the hidden sin
Which poisons all our race.
Thy righteous wrath from heaven be shown,
And fill their souls with grief,
And make the unbelievers groan
To feel their unbelief.

Now their foundation false o'erturn
With every show of good,
And all the superstructure burn,
The stubble, hay, and wood.
Let them with just abhorrence cast
Their virtuous rags away,
And humbled to the dust at last
For pardoning mercy pray.

When stript of all but sin they grieve
Their desperate state to see,
Spiritual understanding give
And real faith in Thee.

Shut up in unbelief release,
Reveal their sin forgiven,
And bid them go in perfect peace
Thy confessors to heaven.

Hymns on the Trinity 1767.

JEREMIAH 7, 4.

The Temple of the Lord are these.

THE men who slight Thy faithful Word,
In their own lies confide,
These are the Temple of the Lord,
And heathens all beside!
The Temple of the Lord are these,
The only Church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
And Jesus never knew!

The Temple of the Lord — they pull
Thy living temples down,
And cast out every gracious soul
That trembles at Thy frown.
The Church — they from their pale expel
Whom Thou hast here forgiven;
And all the synagogue of hell
Are the sole heirs of heaven!

O wouldst thou, Lord, reveal their sins,
And turn their joy to grief;

The world, the *Christian* world, convince
  Of damning unbelief!
The formalists confound, convert,
  And to Thy people join;
And break, and fill the broken heart
  With confidence divine!

Scripture Hymns, 1762

FOR THE UNIVERSITIES.

TEACHER divine, with melting eye
  Our ruined seats of learning see,
Whose ruling scribes Thy truth deny,
  And persecute Thy saints and Thee,
As hired by Satan to suppress
And root up every seed of grace.

As heretics and Lollards still
  Thy faithful confessors they brand;
With all their strength and knowing skill
  Thy Spirit and His work withstand,
In league with hell Thy throne to o'erthrow,
And raise the kingdom of Thy foe.

Where knowledge vain, unsanctified
  Fills every synagogue and chair,
Where pride and unbelief preside,
  And wage with Heaven immortal war:

The prophets' nursing-schools are these,
Or sinks of desperate wickedness?

True prophets once they surely bred,
And champions for the incarnate God,
Who lived Thy dying Love to spread,
Who sealed the record with their blood,
The truth, the way, the life of grace,
Blasphemed by their degenerate race.

But wilt Thou let the fountains fail,
Or flow through earth with streams impure?
Thy Gospel must at last prevail,
Thy Word from age to age endure,
And learning fastened to the Cross
Forever serve Thy glorious cause.

Hymns of Intercession, 1758.

ON PERFECTION.

(From the *Scripture Hymns*, 1762.)

2 Chronicles 6, 36.

There is no man which sinneth not.

No: every fallen child of man
Must sin in thought, and word, and deed:
But bursting our oppressor's chain
When Jesus hath His prisoners freed,
The dire necessity is o'er,
And born of God, we sin no more.

2 Corinthians 13, 11.

Be perfect. *(i. e., Aspire to the highest degree of holiness.*—Mr. John Wesley's Notes on the New Testament.)

PRESS to the mark (the Spirit cries,
And cannot cry to saints in vain);
Ambitious of your calling's prize,
The height of holiness attain.
Let down from heaven the ladder see,
And mount, till all the steps are past.
Perfection is the last degree,
Perfection is attained the last.

John 5, 31.

If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true.

AND shall mere man of men demand
His saying simply to receive,
Before the proofs we understand,
Before we see the witness *live*,
And evidence his sin forgiven
By walking like an heir of heaven?

We ought not to his word alone
Or confident assertions trust;
The life must join to make it known,
The works to show the doer just,
And all the Spirit's fruits to prove
A Christian perfected in love.

Philippians 3, 12.

Not as though I were already perfect.

"THEN know thy place (a novice cries,
Whose fancy has attained the prize,)
Stand by thyself, nor rank with me,
For I am holier than thee;
Beyond the chief Apostle I!
And you, who dare my gifts deny,
The proof of my perfection know;
It is — because I *think* it so!"

Philippians 3, 13.

I count not myself to have apprehended.

NO: not after twenty years
Of laboring in the Word!
After all his fights and fears
And sufferings for his Lord,
Paul hath not attained the prize,
Though caught up to the heavenly hill;
Daily still the Apostle dies,
And lives imperfect still!

But we now, the prize to attain,
An easier method see,
Save ourselves the toil and pain
And lingering agony;

Reach at once the ladder's top,
While standing on its lowest round;
Instantaneously spring up,
With pure perfection crowned."

Such the credulous dotard's dream,
And such his shorter road:
Thus he makes the world blaspheme,
And shames the Church of God;
Staggers thus the most sincere,
Till from the gospel hope they move,
Holiness as error fear,
And start at perfect love.

Lord, Thy real work revive,
The counterfeit to end;
That we lawfully may strive
And truly apprehend,
Humbly still Thy servant trace,
Who least of saints himself did call,
Till we gain the height of grace,
And into nothing fall.

Job 9, 20.

If I say, I am perfect, *mine own mouth shall prove me perverse*

THOUGH all the precious promises
I find fulfilled in Jesu's love,
If perfect I myself profess,
My own profession I disprove.

The purest saint that lives below
Doth his own sanctity disclaim;
The wisest owns, I nothing know,
The holiest cries, I nothing am!

ON LAY-PREACHING.

(From the same.)

I. Samuel 10: 12.

Is Saul also among the prophets?

YES: if the Lord His mind reveal,
Even to the meanest of the throng:
Their Father sends by whom He will,
And teaches babes the gospel song.
Not to the prophets' schools confined,
He gives to the unlearned His Word;
And lo, they now declare His mind,
And husbandmen proclaim their Lord!

Numbers 11: 27–29.

*There ran a young man, and told Moses, and said, Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp. * * My Lord Moses, forbid them. * * Enviest thou for my sake? would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!*

ELDAD, they said, and Medad there,
Irregularly bold,
By Moses uncommissioned, dare
A separate meeting hold.

And still whom none, but Heaven, will own,
Men whom the world decry,
Men authorized by God alone
Presume to prophesy!

How often have I blindly done
What zealous Joshua did,
Impatient to the rulers run,
And cried, "My lords, forbid!
Silence the schismatics, constrain
Their thoughts with ours to agree,
And sacrifice the souls of men
To idol unity!"

Moses, the minister of God,
Rebukes our partial love,
Who envy at the gifts bestowed
On those we disapprove:
We do not our own spirit know,
Who wish to see suppress
The men that Jesu's Spirit show,
The men whom God hath blest.

Shall we the Spirit's course restrain,
Or quench the heavenly fire?
Let God His messengers ordain,
And whom He will inspire.
Blow as He list, the Spirit's choice
Of instruments we bless:
We will, if Christ be preached, rejoice,
And wish the Word success.

Can all be prophets then? are all
Commissioned from above?
No; but whome'er the Lord shall call
We joyfully approve.
O that the Church might all receive
The spirit of prophecy,
And all in Christ accepted live,
And all in Jesus die!

AGAINST ITS ABUSES.

(From the same.)

Numbers 16: 10.

And seek ye the priesthood also?

RAISED from the people's lowest lees
Guard, Lord, Thy preaching witnesses,
Nor let their pride the honor claim
Of sealing covenants in Thy Name.
Rather than suffer them to dare
Usurp the priestly character,
Save from the arrogant offence,
And snatch them uncorrupted hence.

I. Kings 12: 31.

Jeroboam made priests of the lowest of the people.

BUT kings may spare their labor vain,
For in such happy times as these
The vulgar can themselves ordain,
And priests commence, whoever pl

II. Chronicles 26: 18.

It appertaineth not unto thee, Uzziah, to burn incense, but to the priests, the sons of Aaron, that are consecrated.

"But now (the warm enthusiast cries)
The office to myself I take;
Offering the Christian sacrifice,
Myself a lawful priest I make.
To me the honor appertains;
No need of man, when God ordains.

"Though kings may not so far presume,
'T is no presumption in a clown:
And lo, without a call from Rome,
My flail, or hammer, I lay down!
And if my order's name ye seek,
Come see a new Melchizedek!"

THE LAW.

(From the same.)

Deuteronomy 34: 7.

His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

Moses, when dead, himself survives;
He always in his precepts lives.
Though sinners dream his office o'er,
He loses nothing of his power:

His sight is as the eagle's strong,
And Sinai thunders in his tongue.

Think not the Law through faith made void
Its vigor cannot be destroyed.
It marks our hearts with quickest eye,
And doth our smallest faults espy ;
It seizes with almighty hands,
And holds us in eternal bands.

It holds us, when by grace set free
From curse and fear and penalty :
The easy yoke of Christ we prove,
Bound to obey the God we love ;
And when these heavens are past away,
We still shall glory to obey.

Numbers 12: 8.

Wherefore were ye not afraid to speak against My servant Moses ?

EARTH and hell Thy law opposes,
Cannot the commandment bear ;
Speaking 'gainst Thy servant Moses,
Thee to contradict they dare.
O omnipotent Redeemer,
End their antinomian lore ;
Still the undisguised blasphemer,
Let him vex Thy flock no more.

FAITH AND WORKS.

(From the same.)

Acts 16: 30.

What must I do to be saved?

MUST I not do all I can?
Yes, and own the labor vain;
Feel my utter helplessness,
Feel salvation is of grace.
When I have my utmost done,
Lord, I look to Thee alone.
Help my unbelief, or I
Must with all my doings die.

Romans 12: 11.

Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord

THEIR earthly task who fail to do
Neglect their heavenly business too,
Nor know what faith and duty mean.
Who use religion as a screen,
Asunder put what God hath joined,
A diligent and pious mind.

Full well the labor of our hands
With fervency of spirit stands;
For God, who all our days hath given,
From toil excepts but one in seven;
And laboring, while we time redeem,
We please the Lord, and work for Him.

Happy we live, when God doth fill
Our hands with work, our hearts with zeal
For every toil, if He enjoin,
Becomes a sacrifice divine,
And like the blessed spirits above
The more we serve, the more we love.

James 1: 26.

If any man seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.

Thou man of an unbridled tongue,
Who dar'st assume the Christian name,
With slanders foul thy brother wrong,
Or needlessly his faults proclaim,
Thou dost thy wretched soul deceive,
And like thy fellow-fiends believe.

Does it extenuate thy offence
To love and still believe a lie,
Without remorse, or shame, or sense,
Thy own good deeds to testify,
Thee from thyself with softest art
To hide, and always err in heart?

Repent of thy religion vain,
Whereof thou loudly mak'st thy boast,
Or sentenced to eternal pain
And into outward darkness thrust,
Thou shalt with the accuser dwell,
And find thy faith's reward in hell.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Long have I seemed to serve Thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and prayed, and read Thy Word,
And heard it preached, in vain.

Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near Thine altar drew:
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

To please Thee thus (at last I see)
In vain I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to Thee,
Unless they spring from love?

I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

But I of *Means* have made my boast,
Of *Means* an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design:

The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesu, to Thee my soul looks up:
'T is Thou must make it new.

Thine is the work, and Thine alone.
But shall I idly stand?
Shall I the written rule disown,
And slight my God's command?

Wildly shall I from Thine turn back,
A better path to find?
Thine holy Ordinance forsake,
And cast Thy words behind?

Forbid it, gracious Lord, that I
Should ever learn Thee so!
No — let me with Thy Word comply,
If I Thy Love would know.

Suffice for me that Thou, my Lord,
Hast bid me fast and pray:
Thy will be done, Thy Name adored;
'T is only mine to obey.

Thou bid'st me search the sacred leaves,
And taste the hallowed Bread:

The kind commands my soul receives,
And longs on Thee to feed.

Still for Thy loving kindness, Lord,
I in Thy temple wait;
I look to find Thee in Thy Word,
Or at Thy Table meet.

Here, *in Thine own appointed ways,*
I wait to learn Thy will:
Silent I stand before Thy face,
And hear Thee say, "Be still!

"Be still, and know that I am God!"
'T is all I live to know!
To feel the virtue of Thy Blood,
And spread its praise below.

I wait my vigor to renew,
Thine image to retrieve;
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in Thee to live.

I work, and own the labor vain;
And *thus* from works I cease:
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

Fruitless, till Thou Thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;

They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.

I do the thing Thy laws enjoin,
And *then* the strife give o'er;
To thee I *then* the whole resign,
I trust in Means no more.

I trust in Him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jesu, Thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from Thee!

Thy mercy pleads, Thy truth requires,
Thy promise calls Thee down:
Not for the sake of my desires,
But O, regard Thine own!

I seek no motive out of Thee:
Thine own desires fulfil:
If now Thy bowels yearn on me,
On me perform Thy will.

Doom, if Thou canst, to endless pains,
And drive me from Thy face;
But if Thy stronger Love constrains,
Let me be saved by grace.

1740

Exodus 20: 24.

In all places where I record My Name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.

To the temple of the Lord
Where He doth His Name record,
Us who humbly still repair,
Still He meets, and blesses there.

Find we in the hallowed place
Blessings of peculiar grace;
Double power His Word imparts,
Prays His Spirit in our hearts.

Strangely at His Table fed,
Nourished with immortal Bread,
While He doth Himself make known,
Christ, we cry, is all our own.

Whom we everywhere may find;
Chiefly in the Means enjoined:
With His gracious fulness given,
Jesus lifts our souls to heaven.

Scripture Hymns, 1762.

FREE INQUIRY.

Acts 17: 11, 12.

*These were more noble * * in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so. Therefore many of them believed.*

CAN we in unbelievers find
That noble readiness of mind
To hear, investigate, and prove
The truth of Jesu's pardoning Love?
Yes, Lord; through Thy preventing grace,
There are who cordially embrace
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
With God Himself sent down from heaven.

Up from the sleep of nature stirred,
They daily search Thy written Word;
Inquiring if these things be so,
To Thine own oracles they go.
Thine oracles the answer give,
And willing multitudes believe
The Gospel by Thy Spirit sealed,
And find Thy glorious Self revealed.

What then are they that dare forbid
The unconvinced Thy Book to read,
Who take the sacred key away,
Damp their desire to search and pray,
Conceal Thy records from their view;
"The Scriptures were not wrote for you:

Accept your more unerring guide,
The Church, the Catholics — the Bride!"

Turn, sinners, turn from such away,
And rather God than man obey.
The Scriptures search both day and night,
And try if what ye hear be right:
Put forth your grain of gracious power,
(Your use of that shall bring ye more)
Till the true Light Himself impart,
And breathes, the Witness, in your heart.

Scripture Hymns, 1762.

AGAINST BIGOTRY.

(From the *Scripture Hymns*, 1762.)

John 3: 29.

He that hath the Bride is the Bridegroom.

He will not with His purchase part,
He holds His Consort to His heart:
But is my narrow sect *the Bride*,
And heathens all the Church beside?

Genesis 20: 11.

I thought, surely the fear of God is not in this place

Forgive my partial selfishness,
My rash, censorious thought,

" Among this people, in this place,
Surely the Lord is not!
If strangers to my sect and name,
Strangers they are to Thee:
God is not feared, except by them
Who know and honor me."

Job 12: 2.

No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you

HOWE'ER in humble words we all
Infallibility disclaim,
Yet every church and party call
Themselves the Consort of the Lamb.
" In us the saints, the people see:
The temple of the Lord are we!

" We are the men, mankind must own,
Who faith and purity possess;
Christ is with us, and us alone,"
A thousand jarring sects profess;
And all the Babel-builders cry,
" Wisdom and Truth with us shall die."

Leviticus 10: 2.

There went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them.

WARMED by fond nature's wild desire,
I brought strange uncommanded fire;
Inflamed with persecuting zeal,
I served Thee — with the fire of hell.

Yet undevoured, O God, I sing
Thy grace, and now my offering bring,
Pure incense, kindled from above
By the true fire of Jesu's Love.

Psalm 137: 7.

Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem.

THAT envious sect and most confined
Who triumphed in our evil day,
Call their malicious pride to mind,
Take their malicious pride away.
The men of arrogance reprove,
The Church, *the brethren*, and *the Bride*,
Their Babel-battlements remove,
And take them humbled to Thy side.

Psalm 122: 8.

For my brethren and companions' sake, I will wish thee prosperity.

NOT for a favorite form or name,
But for dear precious souls I care.
Bless, Saviour, our Jerusalem,
That millions may her blessings share.
Prosper our Church; the living few
Employ their brethren dead to raise;
To quicken sister churches too;
And spread throughout the earth Thy praise.

UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION.

HEAR, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Father of all mankind,
Spirit of Love, eternal Word,
In mystic union joined.

Hear, and inspire my stammering tongue,
Exalt my abject thought,
Speak from my mouth a sacred song,
Who spak'st the world from nought.

Thy darling attribute I praise,
Which all alike may prove,
The glory of Thy boundless Grace,
Thy universal Love.

Mercy I sing, transporting sound,
The joy of earth and heaven!
Mercy, by every sinner found
Who takes what God hath given.

Mercy for all Thy hands have made,
Immense and unconfined,
Throughout Thy every work displayed,
Embracing all mankind.

Thine eye surveyed the fallen race
Where sunk in sin they lay;

Their misery called for all Thy grace,
But justice stopped the way.

Mercy the fatal bar removed,
Thy only Son it gave,
To save a world so dearly loved,
A sinful world to save.

For every man He tasted death,
He suffered once for all,
He calls as many souls as breathe,
And all may hear the call.

A power to choose, a will to obey,
Freely His grace restores;
We all may find the living Way,
And call the Saviour ours.

Whom His eternal mind foreknew
That they the power would use,
Ascribe to God the glory due,
And not His grace refuse:

Them, only them, His will decreed,
Them did He choose alone,
Ordained in Jesus' steps to tread,
And to be like His Son.

Them, the elect, consenting few,
Who yield to proffered Love,

Justified here He forms anew,
And glorifies above.

For as in Adam all have died,
So all in Christ may live.
May (for the world is justified)
His Righteousness receive.

Whoe'er to God for pardon fly
In Christ may be forgiven.
He speaks to all, "Why will ye die,
And not accept my heaven?"

No! in the death of him that dies,
(God by His life hath sworn)
He is not pleased, but ever cries,
Turn, O ye sinners, turn.

He would that all His truths should own,
His Gospel all embrace,
Be justified by faith alone,
And freely saved by grace.

And shall I, Lord, confine Thy Love,
As not to others free?
And may not every sinner prove
The grace that found out me?

Doubtless through one eternal now
Thou ever art the same:

The universal Saviour Thou,
And Jesus is Thy Name.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come!
Choose life; obey the Word;
Open your hearts to make Him room,
And banquet with your Lord

When God invites, shall man repel?
Shall man the exception make?
"Come, freely come, WHOEVER WILL,
And living water take!"

Thou bid'st; and wouldst Thou bid us choose,
When purposed not to save?
Command us all a power to use,
Thy mercy never gave?

Thou canst not mock the sons of men,
Invite us to draw nigh,
Offer Thy grace to all, and then
Thy grace to most deny.

Horror, to think that God is Hate,
Fury in God can dwell!
God could an helpless world create,
To thrust them into hell!

Doom them an endless death to die,
From which they could not flee!

No, Lord! Thine inmost bowels cry
Against the Dire Decree!

Believe who will that human pain
Pleasing to God can prove:
Let Moloch feast him with the slain;
Our God, we know, is Love.

Lord, if indeed without a bound
Infinite Love Thou art,
The HORRIBLE DECREE confound,
Enlarge Thy people's heart!

Ah, who is as Thy servants blind,
So to misjudge their God!
Scatter the darkness of their mind,
And shed Thy Love abroad.

Give them conceptions worthy Thee:
Give them in Jesu's face
Thy merciful design to see,
Thy all-redeeming grace.

Stir up Thy strength and help us, Lord,
The preachers multiply;
Send forth Thy light, and give the word,
And let the shadows fly.

O if Thy Spirit send forth me,
The meanest of the throng,

I 'll sing Thy grace divinely free,
And teach mankind the song.

Grace will I sing, through Jesu's Name,
On all mankind bestowed;
The everlasting Truth proclaim,
And seal that Truth with blood.

Come then, Thou all-embracing Love.
Our frozen bosom warm;
Dilating Fire, within us move,
With truth and meekness arm.

Let us triumphantly ride on,
And more than conquerors prove,
Mightily bear the opposers down,
And bind with cords of love.

Shine in our hearts, Father of light:
Jesu, Thy beams impart;
Spirit of truth, our minds unite,
And make us one in heart.

Then, only then our eyes shall see
Thy promised kingdom come,
And every heart by grace set free
Shall make the Saviour room.

Thee every tongue shall then confess,
And every knee shall bow.

Come quickly, Lord! we wait Thy grace,
We long to meet Thee now.

1739

FREE GRACE.

My dear Redeemer and my God,
I stake my soul on Thy Free Grace:
Take back my interest in Thy Blood,
Unless it streamed for *all* the race.
I stake my soul on this alone,
THY BLOOD DID ONCE FOR ALL ATONE.

Gracious and true, set to Thy seal,
Preach the glad tidings to my heart:
Now let my new-born spirit feel
Pure universal Love Thou art.
In mine, in all our bosoms move,
And testify that God is Love.

Enlarge my heart to all mankind,
The purchase of Thy dying groans.
O let me by this token find
They all are Thy redeemèd ones:
For if I loved whom God abhorred,
The servant were above his Lord.

Thus let me Thy free mercy prove
To all who Thy pure truths oppose:

If I my fiercest foes can love,
If I, to save my fiercest foes,
To die myself would not deny,
For whom couldst Thou refuse to die?

Dear dying Lord, Thy Spirit breathe:
Kindle in us the living fire.
Jesu, conform us to Thy Death,
The fulness of Thy Life inspire.
O manifest in us Thy mind,
Benevolent to all mankind.

Now, Lord, into our souls bring in
Thine everlasting righteousness;
A period make of guilt and sin,
And call us forth Thy witnesses,
That all mankind with us may prove
Thy infinite and perfect Love.

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love, 1741.

THE HORRIBLE DECREE.

Ah, gentle, gracious Dove,
And art Thou grieved in me,
That sinners should restrain Thy Love,
And say, "It is not free

It is not free for *all;*
The *most* Thou *passest by,*
And mockest with a fruitless call
Whom Thou hast doomed to die."

They think Thee *not sincere*
In giving each his day;
"*Thou only drawest the sinner near,*
To cast him quite away;
To aggravate his sin,
His sure damnation seal:
Thou show'st him heaven, and sayest, Go in,
And thrust'st him into hell."

O Horrible Decree,
Worthy of whence it came!
Forgive their hellish blasphemy
Who charge it on the Lamb,
Whose pity Him inclined
To leave His throne above,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind,
The God of grace and Love.

O gracious, loving Lord,
I feel Thy bowels yearn;
For those who slight the gospel-word
I share in Thy concern.
How art Thou grieved to be
By ransomed worms withstood!

How dost thou bleed afresh to see
Them trample on Thy Blood!

To limit Thee they dare,
Blaspheme Thee to Thy face,
Deny their fellow-worms a share
In Thy redeeming grace.
All for their own they take,
Thy Righteousness engross,
Of none effect to *most* they make
The merits of Thy Cross.

Sinners, abhor the fiend!
His *other* gospel hear:
The God of truth did not intend
The thing His words declare.
He offers grace to all,
Which most *cannot embrace,*
Mocked with an ineffectual call,
And insufficient grace.

The righteous God consigned
Them over to their doom,
And sent the Saviour of mankind
To damn them from the womb;
To damn for falling short
Of what they could not do,
For not believing the report
Of that which was not true.

The God of Love passed by
The most of those that fell,
Ordained poor reprobates to die,
And forced them into hell.
He did not do the deed,
(Some have more mildly raved)
He did not damn *them — but decreed*
They never should be saved.

He did not them bereave
Of life, or stop their breath;
His grace He only would not give,
And starved their souls to death.
Satanic sophistry!
But still, all gracious God,
They charge the sinner's death on Thee,
Who bought'st him with Thy Blood.

They think with shrieks and cries
To please the Lord of hosts,
And offer Thee, in sacrifice,
Millions of slaughtered ghosts.
With new-born babes they fill
The dire infernal shade,
For such (they say) *was Thy great will*
Before the world was made.

How long, O God, how long
Shall Satan's rage proceed?

Wilt Thou not soon avenge the wrong,
And crush the serpent's head?
Surely Thou shalt at last
Bruise him beneath our feet;
The devil, and his doctrine, cast
Into the burning pit.

Arise, O God, arise,
Thy glorious truth maintain;
Hold forth the bloody Sacrifice
For every sinner slain!
Defend Thy mercy's cause,
Thy grace divinely free:
Lift up the standard of Thy Cross,
Draw all men unto Thee.

O vindicate Thy grace,
Which every soul may prove
Us in Thy arms of Love embrace,
Of everlasting Love.
Give the pure gospel word,
Thy preachers multiply,
Let all confess their common Lord,
And dare for Him to die.

My life I here present,
My heart's last drop of blood:
O let it all be freely spent
In proof that Thou art good,

Art good to all that breathe,
Who all may pardon have;
Thou willest not the sinner's death,
But all the world wouldst save.

O take me at my word;
But arm me with Thy power;
Then call me forth to suffer, Lord,
To meet the fiery hour.
In death will I proclaim
That all *may* hear Thy call,
And clap my hands amidst the flame,
And shout — HE DIED FOR ALL.

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love, 1741.

PERSEVERANCE.

JESU, my Hope, my Help, my Power,
On Thee I ever call;
O save me from temptation's hour,
Or into hell I fall.

If by Thy light I now perceive
My utter helplessness,
O do not for one moment leave
The sinner in distress.

I cannot trust my treacherous heart,
I shall myself betray;
I must be lost, if Thou depart,
A final castaway.

I feel within me unsubdued
A cursed, carnal will:
It hates and starts from all that 's good,
And cleaves to all that 's ill.

My soul *could* yield to every vice
And passion in excess;
My soul to all the height *could* rise
Of daring wickedness.

The blackest crime upon record
I freely *could* commit,
The sins by nature most abhorred
My nature *could* repeat.

I *could* the devil's law receive,
Unless restrained by Thee;
I *could*, (Good God!) I *could* believe
The HORRIBLE DECREE.

I *could* believe that God is Hate,
The God of Love and grace
Did damn, pass by, and reprobate
The most of human race.

Farther than this I cannot go,
Till Tophet take me in;
But O forbid that I should know
This mystery of sin!

Jesu, to Thee for help I fly;
Support my soul, and guide;
Keep as the apple of an eye,
Under Thy shadow hide.

Withhold my foot from every snare,
From every sin defend;
Throughout the way my spirit bear,
And bring me to the end.

Wisdom and strength to Thee belong
Folly and sin is mine:
But out of weakness make me strong,
But in my darkness shine.

My strength will I ascribe to Thee,
My wisdom from above,
And praise to all eternity
Thine all-redeeming Love.

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love, 1756.

PREDESTINATION.

O ALL-ATONING Lamb,
O Saviour of mankind,
If every soul may in Thy Name
With me salvation find;
If Thou hast chosen me
To testify Thy grace,
(That vast unfathomable sea
Which covers all our race):

Equip me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.
Control my every thought;
My whole of self remove;
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in Thee!
And let my knowing zeal be joined
To fervent charity.
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce Thy call,
And vindicate Thy gracious Will,
Which offers life to all.

O do not let me trust
In any arm but Thine!
Humble, O humble to the dust
This stubborn soul of mine.
Cast all my reeds aside,
Captivate every thought,
And drain me of my strength and pride,
And bring me down to nought.

Thou dost not stand in need
Of me to prop Thy cause,
To assert Thy general grace, or spread
The victory of Thy Cross.
A feeble thing of nought,
With humble shame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou dost it all alone.

Little, and base, and mean,
And vile in mine own eyes,
A lump of misery and sin,
At Thy command I rise.
I rise at Thy command,
I answer to Thy call,
A witness of Thy grace I stand,
Thy grace which is for all.

O may I love like Thee,
And in Thy footsteps tread!

Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing Thou hast made.
O may I learn Thy art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Increase (if that can be)
The perfect hate I feel
To Satan's HORRIBLE DECREE,
That genuine child of hell;
Which feigns Thee to *pass by*
The most of Adam's race,
And leave them in their blood to die,
Shut out from saving grace.

To most, as devils teach,
(Get thee behind me, fiend!)
To most Thy mercies never reach,
Whose mercies never end.
"Millions of souls Thy will
Delighted to ordain
Inevitable death to feel,
And everlasting pain."

In vain Thy written Word
The hellish tale gainsays,
Bids all receive their common Lord,
And offers all Thy grace.

Prophets, apostles join,
And saints and angels call,
And Christ attests the Love divine
That sent Him down for all.

Yet still, alas! there are
Who give their God the lie;
The Saviour of the world they dare
With all His truths deny.
A monstrous twofold will
To God, the Just, they give;
"His *Secret* one ordained to kill,
Whom His *Declared* bids live.

"The God of truth commands
All sinners to repent,
And mocks the work of His own hands
By what He never meant:
Commands them to believe
An unavailing lie,
Him for their Saviour to receive
For them who did *not* die."

Loving to every man,
Of tenderest pity full,
Did God, the Good, the Just, ordain
To damn one helpless soul?
"*He did! the Just, the Good,*
(Hell answers from beneath)

Spite of His Word, His oath, He would,
He wills the sinner's death."

Like as a father feels
His suffering children's care,
In God such kind compassion dwells,
For all His offspring are:
"*He loves His little ones*
(As Satan speaks) *so well,*
To dash their brains against the stones,
And shut them up in hell.

" He gives them *damning grace*
To raise their torments higher,
And makes his shrieking children pass
To Moloch through the fire;
He doomed their souls to death
From all eternity:"
This is that wisdom from beneath,
That HORRIBLE DECREE!

My soul it harrows up,
It freezes all my blood,
My tingling ears I fain would stop
Against their hellish God,
Constrained, alas! to hear
His reprobating roar,
And see him horribly appear
All stained with human gore.

'T is thus, Thou loving Lamb,
Thy creatures picture Thee:
I blush to own my nature's shame;
That nature is in me.
But let it not remain,
The dire reproach efface;
Arise, O God, Thy truth maintain,
Thy all-redeeming grace.

Defend Thy mercy's cause!
Men have blasphemed their God,
Thrown down the altar of Thy Cross,
And trampled on Thy Blood.
Thy truth and righteousness
Their impious schemes disprove,
And rob Thee of Thy favorite grace,
Thine universal Love.

Ah, foolish souls, and blind!
If your report be true,
If mercy is not unconfined,
What mercy were for you?
Who all His truth blaspheme,
Who all His grace deny;
Fury, ye worms, is not in Him,
Or He would *you* pass by.

Jesus, forgive the wrong,
But O, Thy foes restrain:

Silence the lewd opprobrious tongue
That scourges Thee again.
They put Thee, Lord, to shame,
Again to death pursue:
Yet O forgive them, gentle Lamb,
They know not what they do.

Some men of simple heart
The devil's tale believe;
Beguiled by the old serpent's art,
His saying they receive.
For fear of robbing Thee
They rob Thee of Thy grace,
And (O good God) to prove it free,
Damn almost all the race.

Pity their simpleness,
O Saviour of mankind!
Scatter the clouds of smoke that press
Their weak bewildered mind.
The *other* gospel chase
To hell, from whence it came;
And let them taste Thy general grace,
And let them know Thy Name.

O all-redeeming Lord,
Our common Friend and Head,
Thine everlasting Gospel-Word
In their behalf we plead!
If they have drank their bane,
Do Thou the death remove,

The venomous thing drive out again
By universal Love.

Let it not plunge their soul
In all the extremes of ill;
The fatal mischief, Lord, control,
Nor suffer it to kill.
Thou wouldst that none should die:
O bring them back to God;
Thy sovereign antidote apply,
Thine all-atoning Blood.

Avenge us of our foe,
And crush the serpent's head,
Nor longer suffer him to sow
On earth the deadly seed.
The trampler on Thy grace,
Bruise him beneath our feet;
To hell the old deceiver chase,
And seal the burning pit.

Then shall Thy saints rejoice,
The song of Moses sing,
With angel-choirs lift up their voice
And praise their heavenly King:
"The accuser is subdued,
And put to endless shame,
Cast down by the all-cleansing Blood
Of the victorious Lamb."

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love, 1756

EZEKIEL 18: 31.

Why will ye die, O house of Israel?

SINNERS, turn, why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His Love, and die?

Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live.
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die?

Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
God, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His Love:
Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death?
Will ye still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you forever die?

Let the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
Ye for higher ends were born;
Ye may all to God return,
Live with Him above the sky;
Why will you forever die?

You, on whom He favors showers,
You, possest of nobler powers;
You, of reason's powers possest,
You, with will and memory blest,
You, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God,
Noblest of His creatures, why,
Why will you forever die?

You, whom He ordained to be
Transcript of the Trinity;
You, whom He in life doth hold,
You, for whom Himself was sold;

You, on whom He still doth wait,
Whom He would again create,
Made by Him, and purchased, why,
Why will you forever die?

You, who own His record true,
You, His chosen people, you,
You, who call the Saviour Lord,
You, who read His written Word,
You, who see the gospel light,
Claim a crown in Jesu's right,
Why will you, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?

You, His own peculiar race,
Sharers of His special grace;
All His grace to you is given,
You, the favorites of heaven:
And will you unfaithful prove,
Trample on His richest Love?
Jesus asks the reason, why,
Why will you resolve to die?

What could your Redeemer do,
More than He hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His Blood?
After all His waste of Love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

Will you die because His grace
Cannot reach to all the race?
Life because you *cannot* have,
You because He will not save?
Dare you say He doth not call,
Doth not offer life to all,
Doth not ask His creatures, why,
Why will you resolve to die?

Saith He what He never meant,
Calls on all men to repent,
Calls, while His Decree withstands,
Mocks the work of His own hands?
Will you die because you must?
Dare you make your God unjust?
He would have you live; O why,
Why will you resolve to die?

Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn:
By His life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn and live;
He would all the world receive.
He hath brought to all the race
Full salvation by His grace;
He hath no one soul passed by;
Why will you resolve to die?

Hath he pleasure in your pain?
Did He you to death ordain,
Vow you never should return,
Damn, or ever you were born?

If your death were His delight,
Would He you to life invite?
Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

Sinners, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think Him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
All day long He spreads His hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to Me,
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?"

Can ye doubt, if God is Love,
If to all His bowels move?
Will ye not His Word receive?
Will ye not His oath believe?
See, the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps! believe His tears;
Mingled with His Blood, they cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love, 1756

I JOHN 2: 1, 2.

FATHER, if I have sinned, with Thee
An Advocate I have:
Jesus the Just shall plead for me,
The sinner Christ shall save.

Pardon and peace in Him I find;
But not for me alone
The Lamb was slain: for all mankind
His Blood did once atone.

My soul is on Thy promise cast,
And lo! I claim my part:
The universal pardon 's past;
O seal it on my heart!

Thou canst not now Thy grace deny;
Thou canst not but forgive:
Lord, if Thy justice asks me why —
In Jesus I believe.

1740.

Scriptural.

PSALM 5.

O Lord, incline Thy gracious ear,
  My plaintive sorrows weigh;
To Thee for succor I draw near,
  To Thee I humbly pray.
Still will I call, with lifted eyes,
  "Come, O my God and King!"
Till Thou regard my ceaseless cries,
  And full deliverance bring.

On Thee, O God of purity,
  I wait for hallowing grace:
None without holiness shall see
  The glories of Thy face.
In souls unholy and unclean
  Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unsaved from sin,
  Appear before Thy sight.

Thou hatest all that evil do,
  Or speak iniquity;
The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue,
  Are both abhorred by Thee.

The greatest and minutest fault
Shall find its fearful doom;
Sinners in deed, or word, or thought,
Thou surely shalt consume.

But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach Thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in Thy courts to wait.
I trust in Thy unbounded grace,
To all so freely given,
And worship toward Thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.

Lead me in all Thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide;
Point out the path before my face;
My God, be Thou my Guide!
The cruel power, the guileful art
Of all my foes suppress,
Whose throat an open grave, whose heart
Is desperate wickedness.

Thou, Lord, shalt drive them from Thy face,
And utterly consume:
Thy wrath on the rebellious race
Shall to the utmost come.
But all who put their trust in Thee
Thy mercy shall proclaim,
And sing with cheerful melody
Their dear Redeemer's Name.

Protected by Thy guardian grace,
They shall extol Thy power,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout Thy praise,
And triumph evermore.
They never shall to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept and covered with the shield
Of Thine almighty Love.

1741

PSALM 8.

Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
How excellent Thy Name!
Held in being by Thy word,
Thee all Thy works proclaim.
Through this earth Thy glories shine,
Through those dazzling worlds above;
All confess the Source divine,
The almighty God of Love!

Thou, the God of power and grace,
Whom highest heavens adore,
Callest babes to sing Thy praise
And manifest Thy power.
Lo, they in Thy strength go on!
Lo, on all Thy foes they tread,
Cast the dire accuser down,
And bruise the serpent's head.

Yet when I survey the skies,
And planets as they roll,
Wonder dims my aching eyes
And swallows up my soul.
Moon and stars so wide display,
Chant their Maker's praise so loud,
Pour insufferable day,
And draw me up to God.

What is man, that Thou, O Lord,
Hast such respect to him?
Comes from heaven the incarnate Word,
His creatures to redeem!
Wherefore wouldst Thou stoop so low?
Who the mystery shall explain?
God is flesh, and lives below,
And dies for wretched man.

Jesus his Redeemer dies,
The sinner to restore;
Falls that man again may rise,
And stand as heretofore.
Foremost of created things,
Head of all Thy works He stood,
Nearest the great King of kings,
And little less than God.*

Him with glorious majesty
Thy grace vouchsafed to crown,

* *So it is in the Hebrew.*

Transcript of the One in Three,
He in Thine image shone.
All Thy works for Him were made,
All did to His sway submit;
Fishes, birds, and beasts obeyed,
And bowed beneath His feet.

Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
How excellent Thy Name!
Held in being by Thy word,
Thee all Thy works proclaim.
Through this earth Thy glories shine,
Through those dazzling worlds above;
All confess the Source divine,
The almighty God of Love!

1748.

PSALM 48.

Great is our redeeming Lord
In power, and truth, and grace;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His Church on earth should praise.
In the city of our God,
In His holy mount below,
Publish, spread His praise abroad,
And all His greatness show.

Built by His almighty hands,
The towers of Salem rise;

Fair and firm the city stands.
  Adjoining to the skies.
Joy to all the earth she brings,
Stored with blessings from above.
Kept by the great King of kings,
  Her guardian God of love!

Monarchs with their armies met,
  Jerusalem to assail,
Sworn to o'erthrow the sacred seat
  Where God vouchsafes to dwell.
Lo, their boast is turned to shame!
Struck with sore amaze and dread,
Marching towards her walls they came,
  They came, — they saw, — they fled!

Horror seized Thy Zion's foes,
  And pained their guilty heart:
As a travailing woman's throes
  They felt the killing smart.
Scattered by Thy stormy ire,
Dashed as ships against the shore,
Tyrants with their hopes expire,
  And sink to rise no more.

We the works of ancient days
  Have seen repeated now;
God doth still His Zion raise,
  And force her foes to bow.
Still she in her Saviour trusts,
Glories in His constant care;

There He dwells, the Lord of hosts,
He reigns forever there.

For Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in Thy Temple stay:
Here Thy faithful Love record,
Thy saving power display.
With Thy Name Thy praise is known;
Glorious Thy perfections shine;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.

All Thy mighty works are wrought
In perfect equity:
Zion, by Thy judgments taught,
Shall give the praise to Thee.
Thee let all Thy saints adore,
Ransomed by Thy timely aid, —
Every tongue confess Thy power,
And every heart be glad.

Sons of God, triumphant rise,
The city walls surround!
Lo, her bulwarks touch the skies!
How high, yet how profound!
Tell the number of her towers,
All her palaces declare,
Guarded by angelic powers,
And God in person there!

See the gospel Church secure,
And founded on a Rock!
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fail.

Zion's God is all our own,
Who on His Love rely;
We His pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die.
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in Him,
Through all eternity.

PSALM 131.

Lord, if Thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.

From the time that Thee I know
Nothing shall I seek below;
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both my heart and eye.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Awed into a little child;
Quiet now without my food,
Weaned from every creature-good.

Hangs my new-born soul on Thee,
Kept from all idolatry;
Nothing wants beneath, above,
Happy, happy in Thy Love.

O that all might seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore!

1748.

PSALM 139, v. 7–12.

WHITHER shall a creature run,
From Jehovah's Spirit fly?
How Jehovah's presence shun,
Screened from His all-seeing eye?
Holy Ghost, before Thy face
Where shall I myself conceal?
Thou art God in every place,
God incomprehensible.

If to heaven I take my flight,
With beatitude unknown

Filling all the realms of light,
  There Thou sittest on Thy throne!
If to hell I could retire,
  Gloomy pit of endless pains,
There is the consuming fire,
  There almighty vengeance reigns.

If the morning's wings I gain,
  Fly to earth's remotest bound,
Could I hid from Thee remain,
  In a world of waters drowned?
Leaving lands and seas behind,
  Could I the Omniscient leave?
There Thy quicker hand would find,
  There arrest, Thy fugitive.

Covered by the darkest shade,
  Should I hope to lurk unknown,
By a sudden light bewrayed,
  By an uncreated Sun,
Naked at the noon of night
  Should I not to Thee appear?
Forced to acknowledge in Thy sight,
  God is Light, and God is here!

Hymns on the Trinity, 1767.

ON THE TRINITY.

(From *Hymns on the Trinity*, 1767.)

1 John 5: 7.

*There are Three that bear record in heaven, * * and these Three are One.*

THREE Persons there are
Their record who bear,
And Jehovah in heavenly places declare:
But in Father, and Son,
And Spirit made known,
The witnesses Three are essentially One.

Full credence we give,
And exult to believe
What our reason in vain would aspire to conceive:
Not *against*, but *above*
Our reason we prove
Three Persons revealed in the essence of Love.

The Father alone
Very God will we own,
Very God will we worship the Spirit and Son.
Each Person is He,
Whom believing we see,
And Jehovah adore in the wonderful Three.

No distinction we find
Of will or of mind

In the Maker, Inspirer, and Friend of mankind;
But One God we proclaim
In Nature and Name
Indivisibly One, and forever the same.

Matthew 23: 9.

One is your Father, which is in heaven.

Our heavenly Father is but One
With that Paternity
In which the Father and the Son
And Holy Ghost agree.
Each Person of the Triune God
May His own creature claim,
For each impressed the earthy clod
With His own awful Name.

Father and Son and Spirit joined
In the creating plan;
Each is the Maker of mankind,
And doth His work sustain.
The Spirit breathed His life into
Our animated clay,
And He begets our souls anew,
And seals us to that Day.

Our common Head in Christ we see,
Our heavenly Adam praise,
The Father of eternity
And all the faithful race.

His promise to the conqueror is,
"Who the good fight hath won,
His God I will be, always his,
And he shall be My son."

Children of God who Christ receive,
Our privilege we know,
The Resurrection's children live,
The Saviour's seed below.
"I am the Resurrection, I
The Life eternal am!"
And never shall His children die,
Who trust in Jesus' Name.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
We equal homage pay,
And Each, in whom we wholly trust,
Implicitly obey.
Ourselves entirely we resign
To the great Three in One,
And worship properly divine
Perform to God alone.

John 14: 28.

My Father is greater than I.

The Father greater than the Son
Made flesh for us, we gladly own;
But, less than God as Man,
As touching His Divinity,
Equal to the Most High as He,
Whom heaven cannot contain.

Whose spirits bow to Jesus' Name,
Nor less nor greater, but the same
In dignity and power,
Jehovah manifest we praise,
And shall in everlasting lays
With all His saints adore.

1 Corinthians 11: 3.

The Head of Christ is God.

The Partner of our flesh and blood,
As Man, inferior is to God.
The lower part of Christ, the heel
Was bruised, and did our sorrows feel.
But though He would His life resign,
His part superior is divine,
And doth, beyond the reach of pain,
God over all forever reign.

Great Fountain-head of Deity,
Father of Christ, we worship Thee;
Thy sovereign majesty maintain
As greater than the Son of Man.
Yet Thee, O Christ, of God the Son,
In essence, substance, nature One,
Thy Father's Equal we proclaim,
With God eternally the same.

Proverbs 9: 10.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the HOLY ONES *is understanding.*

THE wisdom owned by all Thy sons,
To me, O God, impart;
The knowledge of the holy Ones,
The understanding heart.
Thy Name, O holy Father, tell
To one who would believe;
To me Thy holy Son reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit give.

'T is life, eternal life to know
The heavenly Persons mine:
Father, and Son, and Spirit, bestow
That precious faith divine.
A Trinity in Unity
My soul shall then adore;
And love, and praise, and worship Thee,
Jehovah, evermore.

Isaiah 6: 3.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.

HAIL, holy, holy, holy LORD,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all Thy heavenly host adored,
By all Thy Church below!

One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim:
The universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious Name.

Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
Thee, Spirit of true holiness,
We worship evermore.
Thine incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive,
Which angel-choirs and saints in light
And saints embodied give.

Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love:
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing Thy praise above.
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

SHORT HYMNS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. 1762.

GENESIS.

1: 27. *God created man in His own image.*

How are the mighty fallen!
Come, read thy mournful story,
Degenerate man: ended thy reign,
Departed is thy glory.
Though after God created,
His image and His favor
With Eden lost confounds thy boast,
And sinks thy soul forever.

Now in the state of devils,
Thy soul to hell is falling:
But help is near; thy Saviour hear
To grace and glory calling!
Thy forfeited dominion
With Christ again is given,
A paradise above the skies,
A happier state in heaven.

2: 21. *God took one of his ribs.*

Not from his head was woman took,
As made her husband to o'erlook;
Not from his feet, as one designed
The footstool of the stronger kind;

But fashioned for himself, a bride,
An equal, taken from his side:

Her place intended to maintain,
The mate and glory of the man,
To rest as still beneath his arm,
Protected by her lord from harm,
And never from his heart removed,
As only less than God beloved.

3: 6. *When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat.*

She saw; she took; she ate;
Death entered by the eye:
And parleying, in a tempted state,
We lust, consent, and die.
But all mankind restored
Their Eden may retrieve;
And lo, by faith we see our Lord,
We touch, and taste, and live.

3: 6. *A tree to be desired to make one wise*

Jesus, thou art a Tree
That makes the foolish wise;
And safely we may feed on Thee,
And feast both heart and eyes.
Wisdom divine Thou art,
Received through faith alone;
And when Thou dost Thyself impart,
We know as we are known.

3: 7. *They sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons.*

THEIR first concern, alas, is mine ;
Not to appease the wrath divine,
But how to hide from man my shame,
And save my own important fame.

3: 8 *They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, in the cool of the day.*

NOT on the whirlwind's wings He flies,
Not in the thunder's voice He speaks,
But that the fallen man may rise
The Lord His ruined creature seeks.
Not in the burning blaze of day,
(For fury hath no place in Him)
But placid as the evening ray,
He comes, to sentence and redeem.

3: 8. *Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God, among the trees of the garden.*

How soon the fruits of sin appear !
Trouble, anxiety, and fear
That to the covert flies,
Sad guilt, and shameful nakedness,
The forfeiture of life and peace,
With loss of paradise !

3: 12. *The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.*

How backward man himself to blame !
How ready I, like Adam, am

To palliate what I first would hide,
To excuse what cannot be denied,
Or dare with boldest blasphemy
To charge my sin, O God, on Thee!

3: 17–19. *Cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life: thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.*

MOST righteous God, my doom I bear,
My load of guilt and pain and care,
Enslaved to base desires;
Hard-toiling for embittered bread,
I mourn my barren soul o'erspread
With cursed thorns and briars.

Earth's sentence in myself receive,
And dust, to dust already cleave,
Exiled from paradise:
Hastening to hellish misery,
Jesus, if unredeemed by Thee,
My soul forever dies.

But Jesus hath our sentence borne;
He did in our affliction mourn,
A Man of Sorrows made,
A Servant and a Curse for me;
He bears the utmost penalty,
He suffers in my stead.

I see Him sweat great drops of blood;
I see Him faint beneath my load;
The thorns His temples tear!
He bows His bleeding head and dies!
He lives! He mounts above the skies,
He claims my Eden there!

3: 17 *In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.*

Why should a mortal man complain
When sentenced to a life of pain?
Why should a saint by grace restored
Expect to be above his Lord?
There 's no immunity from woe,
No perfect paradise below:
Not holiness itself can save
A saint, a sinner, from the grave.

3: 19. *Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*

I bow me to my God's decree,
I own the sentence just,
(The sentence of mortality)
And dust, return to dust.
Yet quickened by the trumpet's sound,
This dust again shall rise,
Beyond the old creation bound,
And shine above the skies.

5: 29. ***This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed.***

JESUS, Thou that Noah art!
Earth again in Thee is blest.
Comfort Thou my troubled heart,
Be my weary spirit's Rest.
Then I shall no more complain,
Never at my lot repine:
Welcome toil, and grief, and pain!
All is well, if Christ be mine.

6: 3. ***My Spirit shall not always strive with man.***

YET for a time He strives with all:
O may He strive with me,
Till, quite recovered from its fall,
My soul is all like Thee!

6: 6 ***It repented the Lord, that He had made man.***

HE mourns His frustrated intent
Who bade the rebel be;
But never doth my Lord repent
That He hath *ransomed* me.

9: 27. ***God shall enlarge*** [or *persuade*, Heb.] ***Japheth.***

LORD, may I not Thy promise claim,
Made to the isles in Japheth's name?
In mercy then to me impart
The largeness of a loving heart;

A heart to no one sect confined,
But compassing the ransomed kind;
Capacious of the Deity,
And grasping all Thy gifts and Thee.

Almighty to persuade Thou art,
Thou Friend of helpless woe!
Persuade me with my sin to part,
To let my misery go.
Persuade me to repent, believe,
Thine easy yoke to prove,
And then into Thine arms receive
The captive of Thy Love.

12: 3. *In Thee shall all families of the earth be blest.*

COME, Thou universal Blessing,
Abraham's long-expected Seed!
Perfect peace and joy unceasing
Through the ransomed nations spread.
Devilish pride and brutal passion
Far from every heart remove;
Bless us with Thy full salvation,
Bless us with Thy heavenly Love.

Happy is the man forgiven:
This let every sinner feel,
Taste in Thee his present heaven,
Pant for greater blessings still.

O that all anew created
Might Thine image here retrieve,
Then to paradise translated
In Thy glorious presence live.

16: 13. *Thou God seest me.*

WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I do,
My heart is naked to Thy view:
O may I ever mindful be
The all-seeing Eye is fixed on me!

22: 10. *Abraham stretched forth his hand, to slay his son.*

RESOLVED, O God, with all to part,
I bring the victim crowned;
The dearest partner of my heart
Is on the altar bound.
Spirit and soul asunder tear,
I say, Thy will be done,
And thus, by Thee required, I bare
Mine arm to slay my son!

23: 20. *The field and the cave were made sure to Abraham, for a possession of a burying-place.*

ACQUIRING his first spot of ground,
A burying-place the patriarch found.
May I, like him, a stranger rove,
Heir of the promised land above:
The settlement on earth I crave,
The sole possession is — a grave.

25 : 8. *Abraham died, and was gathered to his people*

Is God's peculiar people mine?
To them I then shall be
Gathered beneath the Saviour's sign,
And Christ in glory see.
Gathered into the Church above,
Whoe'er to Christ belong
Shall meet to sing the song of love,
The Lamb's eternal song.

27 15 *Rebecca took goodly raiment of her eldest son Esau and put them upon Jacob her younger son.*

FATHER, to that Firstborn of Thine
Thou hast the blessing given,
The power and dignity divine,
The inheritance of heaven.
O how shall I, the younger son,
The Elder's right obtain?
I 'll put my Brother's raiment on,
And thus the blessing gain.

27 : 27. *He smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him*

FATHER, I joyfully believe
Thou art well-pleased with me;
Thou dost at my approach perceive
A heavenly fragrancy.
Thou dost Thy gracious will declare,
Thou dost delight to bless:
For why? my Brother's garb I wear,
My Saviour's Righteousness.

27 : 41. *Esau hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father blessed him.*

HATED by fiends and men, who feel
Our sins through Christ forgiven,
We glory to be curst by hell,
For being blest by heaven.

8 : 4. *I will go down with thee into Egypt, and I will also surely bring thee up again.*

JESUS, I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty and merciful to save:
Thou wilt to death go down with me,
And gently lay me in the grave.
This body there shall rest in hope,
This body which the worms destroy;
For surely Thou wilt bring me up
To glorious life and endless joy.

46 : 4. *And Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes.*

A FEW more days preserve me here,
And when from earth my spirit flies,
O let a child of mine be near,
A child of God, to close mine eyes!

48 : 16. *Let my name be named on them*

MY name be on the children? No:
But mark them, Lord, with Thine:
Let all the heavenly offspring know
By characters divine.

Partakers of Thy Nature make,
Partakers of Thy Son,
And then the heirs of glory take
To Thine eternal throne.

49 : 33. *Jacob gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people.*

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.
Numbered among Thy people, I
Expect with joy Thy face to see:
Because Thou didst for sinners die,
Thou wilt in death remember me.

EXODUS.

3 : 6. *Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God.*

THUS may I humbly hide my face
When God vouchsafes to appear,
And never count it genuine grace
Which is not mixt with fear.

3 : 14. *I am that I am.*

BEING of beings, make
In me Thy Nature known,

Who didst Thyself my nature take
In Thine incarnate Son.
Thy majesty display,
Thy Name on me impress,
And what I am, my soul shall say,
I am by Jesu's grace.

4 : 10. *O my Lord, I am not eloquent.*

How ready is the man to go
Whom God hath never sent!
How timorous, diffident, and slow
His chosen instrument!
Lord, if from Thee this mark I have
Of a true messenger,
By whom Thou wilt, Thy people save,
And let me always fear.

4 : 11. *Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord?*

MAKER of the mouth of man,
And Opener too, the Lord
Sends the dumb His will to explain,
And minister His Word.
Deaf, to a deaf world I go
With joyful news of sin forgiven;
Blind, at Jesu's call, I show
The blind their way to heaven.

7 : 12. *Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.*

So, when the Saviour shows His face,
And in our hearts vouchsafes to shine,
Our sins are swallowed up by grace,
Our creature-loves by love divine.

7 : 20. *The waters were turned to blood.*

He turned their water into blood,
When vengeance was His dread design :
But, thanks to the incarnate God,
He turned our water into wine.

8 : 15. *When Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart.*

How oft have I, like Pharaoh, proved
A penitent in vain,
And when I saw the plague removed,
Returned to sin again !
Hardening my heart, I still rebel,
The worse for each reprieve :
But try if grace cannot prevail,
And now, O Lord, forgive.

9 : 12. *The Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh.*

There needed, Lord, no act of Thine,
If Pharaoh had a heart like mine :
One moment leave me but alone,
And mine, alas, is turned to stone.

Thus if the blessing Thou restrain,
The earth is hardened by the rain
Withheld: and thus, if God depart,
Jehovah hardens Pharaoh's heart.

10: 17. *Forgive my sin only this once.*

Times without number have I prayed
This only once forgive,
Relapsing, when Thy hand was stayed
And suffered me to live.
Yet now the kingdom of Thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

10: 17. *Take away this death.*

Alas, when seeming to repent,
My first concern has been
How to escape the punishment,
More than the guilt, of sin.
But now, O God, for grace I pray,
For more than life I cry;
O take this death of sin away,
And let my body die!

14: 15. *The Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto Me?*

Without a voice he cried,
Without a word he prayed.
O might that spirit in me abide
Which still demands Thine aid!

Jesus, Thy Church to save,
Appear as heretofore,
And bring us through the parted wave
To the celestial shore.

15: 25. *The Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.*

The Lord hath to His servants shown
The Tree on which our Saviour died.
Its virtue in our souls made known,
Its bleeding balm, by faith applied,
Converts our nature's bitterness
To sweetest streams of heavenly grace.

17: 7. *Is the Lord among us, or not?*

Not all the miracles of love
Which Thou hast wrought for me
Can out of this base heart remove
Its incredulity.
One hour without the sweets of grace
In peevish haste I mourn,
"The Lord hath left me in distress,
And never will return."

But O, Thou patient God, forgive
A murmuring Israelite,
And learn me how to wait and grieve
When Thou art out of sight.

By dryness tried, and want, and pain,
I fain in Thee would trust,
Most present with Thy people then
When Thou chastisest most.

32 : 10. *Let Me alone, that My wrath may wax hot against them and that I may consume them.*

LET Me alone (amazing word)
The Almighty to His creature cries!
His creature binds the almighty Lord,
And will not let His anger rise.
Jehovah must the rebels spare,
While Moses doth for mercy groan:
Jehovah hears, in Moses' prayer,
The pleading Spirit of His Son.

33 : 18. *I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory.*

FATHER, show to me Thy glory:
Prostrate at Thy gracious throne,
Make Thy goodness pass before me,
All Thy goodness in Thy Son.
By Thy purifying presence
All my guilt and sin remove;
Speak it to mine inmost essence,
Christ is God, and God is Love.

34 : 29. *Moses wist not that his face shone.*

THINE image if Thou stamp on me,
Let others, Lord, the brightness see,

By me unseen, unknown:
Nor let them on a creature gaze,
But all the glory of Thy grace
Ascribe to God alone.

34: 33. *He put a veil on his face.*

The blessings God on man bestows,
The things He doth, 't is good to tell:
'T is good, at times which Jesus shows,
Our glittering graces to conceal.

34: 34. *When Moses went in before the Lord, he took the veil off.*

Will a meek, modest man of God
Rejoice to make the fairest show,
Expose his graces to the crowd,
And charm the dazzled world below?
Or rather take with jealous fear
The veil of true humility,
And glorious as he is appear
To none but that all-seeing Eye?

LEVITICUS.

2: 11 *No offering which ye shall bring unto the Lord shall be made with leaven.*

Thee that my sacrifice may please,
Assist me, Lord, to lay aside
The leaven of all wickedness,
All spite, hypocrisy, and pride.

Anger, and doubt, and anxious care
Out of my heart if Thou remove,
I 'll lift up holy hands in prayer
With truth, sincerity, and love.

2: 11. *Ye shall burn no leaven, nor any honey, in any offering of the Lord.*

From nature's different mixtures free,
Honey the joy, and grief the leaven,
I bring my sacrifice to Thee,
Jesus, my great High-priest in heaven.
That God my offering may receive,
I set my heart on things above,
The sour of worldly sorrow leave,
The cloying sweets of creature-love.

2: 13. *With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.*

Unsavory all our offerings are
Till acceptable through Thy Son:
But hear well-pleased our praise and prayer
Presented in His Name alone.
The salt we borrow from our Lord,
His meritorious Righteousness,
And every deed, and thought, and word
Is seasoned now with Jesu's grace.

8: 35. *Keep the charge of the Lord, that ye die not.*

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

10: 3. *Aaron held his peace.*

Why should a living man complain
That sinners are struck dead?
Reprieved myself, I still remain,
If punished in my seed.
Howe'er Thou dealest with mine or me,
O stop the murmuring groan,
Or let my only answer be,
Father, Thy will be done!

NUMBERS.

1 : 51. *The stranger that cometh nigh shall be put to death.*

But all may now to God draw nigh,
Spiritual priests of the Most High,
May holy altars raise,
Offer their hearts, with Jesus there,
In grateful sacrificial prayer
And sweet perfumes of praise.

6 : 24–26. *The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.*

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three ;
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.
Thy favor and Thy nature too
To me, to all restore ;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
Light in Thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove ;
Revived, and cheered, and blest by Thee,
The God of pardoning Love.

Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.
That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

23: 21. *He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel.*

JACOB then was free from blame,
And uncorrupted stood;
Israel, answering to his name,
Was prevalent with God.
While I keep my conscience clean,
Eschew mine own iniquity,
God, who sees my nature sin,
Imputes not sin to me.

25: 17. *Vex the Midianites, and smite them.*

THY word, O God, as right and just
We faithfully receive,
Who wouldst that no enticing lust
Should unmolested live.
A Midianite we will not spare,
(If Thou Thy grace supply)
But all that did our souls ensnare
On Jesu's Cross shall die.

32: 23. *Be sure your sin will find you out.*

My sin will find me out, unless
I first find out my sin, and mourn,
Forsake it, ere the judgment seize,
And to the mighty Fortress turn.
My City of defence is sure,
To which I now by faith repair;
I dwell in Jesu's wounds secure,
And sin shall never find me there.

33: 56. *I shall do unto you, as I thought to do unto them.*

The sins which men at Thy command
Refuse, O God, to expel,
Shall sweep them off the promised land,
Shall drive them out to hell.
The lusts which for the Saviour's sake
They will not mortify
Shall bring Thy threatened curse, and make
Their souls forever die.

35: 12. *They shall be unto you cities of refuge from the avenger, that the man-slayer die not.*

Our City of defence, to Thee
From the avenger, Lord, we flee,
Who in Thy Death confide;
Justice divine pursues in vain
The men who God Himself have slain,
When sheltered in Thy side.

DEUTERONOMY.

1: 8. ***Behold, I have set the land before you; go in and possess the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers to give unto them, and to their seed after them.***

THE pleasant land displayed before
Our eyes of faith we see,
And God, the God of Abraham, swore
To give it unto me.
I now go up, the perfect peace,
The perfect love to feel,
And in that land of righteousness
I shall forever dwell.

4: 2. ***Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it.***

SELF Thy word would fain diminish,
Pride Thy word would fain increase;
But what Thou art pleased to finish
Never can be more or less.
All Thy word without addition
Renders us for glory meet,
Fits us for the blissful vision,
Makes the man of God complete.

6: 6. ***These words which I command thee, shall be in thy heart***

THE table of my heart prepare,
(Such power belongs to Thee alone)
And write, O God, Thy precepts there,
To show Thou still canst write in stone.

So shall my pure obedience prove
All things are possible to love.

7: 7, 8. *The Lord did not set His Love upon you because ye were more in number than any people — but because the Lord loved you.*

What angel can explain
The Love of God to man,
The secret cause assign
Of charity divine?
Nothing in us could move,
Deserve, or claim His Love:
'T is all a mystery,
And must forever be!

9: 6. *Understand, that the Lord thy God giveth thee not this good land to possess it for thy righteousness.*

My merit, Lord, and righteousness
I utterly disclaim:
Whate'er I am, whate'er possess,
By grace I have and am.
By grace enabled, I receive
Thy blessings from above,
And wait till Jesu's grace shall give
The crown of perfect love.

23: 9. *When the host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing.*

The host is now gone forth: to fly,
Or fight? to conquer, or to die?
O let us cast our sins away,

That God may hear His servants pray,
May us with more than conquest bless,
With glorious and eternal peace.

30 : 19. *I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing ; therefore choose life.*

Wouldst Thou insult the fallen man,
The work of Thy own hands,
Or mock us, Lord, with offers vain,
If Thy Decree withstands ?
Thou canst not thus our souls deceive ;
(Though men their God belie)
Thou canst not bid us choose to live,
Whom Thou hast doomed to die.

32 : 10. *He found him in a desert land, He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye.*

He found me in a desert place
Where far from God I roved,
And led me through the legal maze,
And chastened whom He loved :
Kept as the apple of His eye,
With tenderest care caressed,
And saved my soul, while sin was nigh,
And hid me in His breast.

32 : 11, 12. *As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him.*

The eagle fond her charge awakes,
Where in the nest they doze,
And while her fluttering plumes she shakes,
The way to fly she shows ;
She spreads her wings, her young to bear,
Before their own they try,
And takes them up, and cleaves the air,
And soars above the sky.

'T was thus in nature's sleep I lay,
When Christ His Spirit shed ;
His Spirit stirred me up to pray,
And hovered o'er my head.
Infusing the first gracious hope
He spread His wings abroad,
And trained His infant pupil up
To seek the face of God.

The object of His kindest care
He never yet forsook,
But did Himself my weakness bear,
And all my burthen took.
He bore me up, from earth He bore
On wings of heavenly Love,
And taught my callow soul to soar
To those bright realms above.

The Spirit of redeeming grace
Hath been my sure defence,
And through the pathless wilderness
Led on my innocence,
When simple as a little child
All idols I abhorred,
And saw, as my Redeemer smiled,
My paradise restored.

32 : 39. *I wound, and I heal.*

DEEPEN the wound Thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy with its balmy aid
Descend to make me whole.
The sharpness of Thy two-edged sword
Enable me to endure,
Till bold to cry, "My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure."

JOSHUA.

1 : 2. *Arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them.*

MOSES might lead to Jordan's tide,
But there surrenders his command;
Our Joshua must the waves divide,
Bring us into the promised land.
Trained by the law, we see our place;
We gain the inheritance by grace.

1 : 3. *Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you.*

THE land of uprightness
I set my foot upon ;
By faith I touch it, Lord, and seize,
And take it for my own.

5 : 14. *As captain of the host of the Lord am I now come.*

CHIEF Captain of Jehovah's host,
Jehovah we adore,
In Thee, our real Joshua, trust,
And prove Thy matchless power.
We now embrace and follow Thee,
By Thy great Father given :
Lead on to certain victory,
To holiness and heaven.

7 : 10, 11. *Get thee up : wherefore liest thou upon thy face ? Israel hath sinned.*

WHAT profits prayer itself, unless
We put the cursed thing away ?
Lord, let us first the sin redress,
And then against the judgment pray.

7 : 21. *When I saw, then I coveted them, and took them.*

"I SAW, and coveted, and took ! "
The progress this of every sin :
While death, admitted by a look,
Lets everlasting judgments in.

But if an eye of faith on Thee
I turn, directed by Thy Word,
Jesus mine Advocate I see;
I see, desire, and take my Lord.

23: 14. *I am going the way of all the earth.*

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.
But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal House above:
And O, my God, shall I be there?

JUDGES.

5: 20. *They fought from heaven*

THE malice of Thy Church's foes
In every age we see,
For who Thy people dare oppose
Are fighting found with Thee.
Before Thy face as chaff they fail,
Before the whirlwind driven;
For how should worms of earth prevail
Against the Lord from heaven?

8 : 4. *Faint, yet pursuing*

OFTEN faint, yet still pursuing,
On, like Gideon's men, I go,
Satan and the world subduing,
Pride, and self, and every foe :
Wrestle on in prayer unceasing,
Till I see the last destroyed,
Blest with all the victor's blessing,
Crowned with all the life of God.

10 : 13. *Ye have forsaken Me, and served other gods ; wherefore I will deliver you no more.*

AGAIN to Satan's yoke I bow,
But mercy I implore :
Ah, do not in Thine anger vow
To save my soul no more !
Or if the word Thy lips hath past,
And for Thy loss I mourn,
Thou wilt, O God, repent at last,
Thou wilt again return.

10 : 16. *They put away the strange gods, and served the Lord ; and His soul was grieved for the misery of Israel.*

FATHER, though late, I turn to Thee,
With all my idols part ;
O let my helpless misery
Affect Thy pitying heart !
Grieved at Thine ancient people's woe,
Be grieved again at mine ;

And force my sins to let me go,
Redeemed by Blood divine.

13: 8. *Teach us what we shall do unto the child that shall be born.*

WHO for their unborn children care,
How happy and how wise!
They find, in answer to their prayer,
Instructions from the skies.
Their babes they from the birth restore
To Him who first bestowed,
To witness His almighty power,
To fight and die for God.

13: 12. *How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him.*

THE child whom struggling into light
We soon expect to see,
How shall we order it aright,
And train it up for Thee?
A candidate for heaven to breed,
Alas, we know not how!
But show us at our greatest need,
Who seek direction now.

16: 19. *His strength went from him.*

HIS strength in his obedience lay,
And when his vows he broke,
He cast the slighted gift away,
He first his God forsook,

Sunk into nature's helplessness,
Could neither fight nor fly:
And such are all who fall from grace,
And such, alas, am I!

16: 30. *And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines; and he bowed himself with all his might.*

My God, my God, on Thee I call,
To bless me with an end like his;
With conquest dignify my fall,
Crown all my former victories;
Strong in Thy might at last may I
Thy champion, though in fetters, die.

RUTH.

1: 6. *The Lord had visited His people in giving them bread.*

Plenty is from, and with, the Lord.
His presence doth the staff afford
Which must our life sustain.
He comes to cheer us in the bread;
On Him our hungry spirits feed,
And all His fulness gain.

1: 15. *Thy sister is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods.*

The souls that Israel leave
Will Israel's God forsake,
And who to Moab's people cleave
Will Moab's idols take.

Jesus, if Thou art mine,
By perfect charity
Keep me forever one with Thine,
Forever one with Thee.

1 : 16, 17. *Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.*

THOU canst not, Lord, a beggar spurn
That courts Thy company;
Wherefore I never will return
From following after Thee.
Resolved, where'er Thou goest, I go,
In all Thy footsteps tread,
And glad like Thee to want below
A place to lay my head.

Thy people, by the world abhorred,
I for my people take,
And serve the servants of my Lord
For their dear Master's sake.
Appeased and reconciled to me
Through Thine atoning Blood,
Thy Father and Thy God shall be
My Father and my God.

Determined after Thee I bear
My cross to Calvary,

And come Thy bitterest cup to share,
And with my Saviour die.
The place where once Thy body lay,
The place it did perfume,
There will I drop my breathless clay,
And rest within Thy tomb.

If now Thou dwellest in my heart,
And I in Thee abide,
Nor life, nor death itself, shall part
Or tear me from Thy side.
What sets me from my prison free
In closer bonds shall join
This disembodied soul to Thee,
Through endless ages mine.

1:20. *The Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.*

Taught as by thorns and briars, we know
Thy wisely tender Love
Embitters all the joys below,
To endear the joys above.

1:21. *I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty.*

I went out full of youthful hope,
But empty I return,
My sanguine confidence give up,
My blasted comforts mourn.

A few more days of sad distress
I travel towards a tomb;
But trust to reach in final peace
Mine everlasting home.

2: 8. *Her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging to Boaz.*

Casual howe'er our steps may seem,
Directed and o'erruled by Him
Who for His people cares,
Where Providence appoints we go;
He orders all our ways, we know,
And numbers all our hairs.

In small events we daily prove
The wisdom of our Father's Love:
We own the work is His,
From trivial incidents to raise
Matter for His eternal praise,
And our eternal bliss.

2: 10. *She bowed herself to the ground.*

Religion pure rejects the dress
Of rude illiberal clownishness,
Nor calls it sinful courtesy
To incline the head, or bow the knee.
Well taught by her, respect we show
And honor give where'er 't is due;
But gladly pay to true desert
The humblest homage of the heart

12. *A full reward be given thee of the Lord God of* **Israel, under** *Whose wings thou art come to trust.*

I TOO have left my worldly home,
My old idolatry,
And to Thy people joined, am come
To put my trust in Thee.
In Thee I seek my full reward
With all Thy saints above:
But tell me now, Thou art my Lord,
And bless me with Thy Love.

2: 19. *Where hast thou gleaned to-day?*

AT evening to myself I say,
Soul, where hast thou gleaned to-day,
Thy labors how bestowed?
What hast thou rightly said, or done?
What grace attained, or knowledge won,
In following after God?

I. SAMUEL.

1 *For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition.*

WHATE'ER I ask, I surely know
And steadfastly believe,
Thou wilt the thing desired bestow,
Or else a better give.

To Thee I therefore, Lord, submit
My every fond request,
And own, adoring at Thy feet,
Thy will is always best.

1 : 28. *I have lent him to the Lord, as long as he liveth.*

Since what I lend or give to Thee
Was first Thy precious gift to me,
In this irrevocable loan,
Father, I render Thee Thine own,
Assured Thou wilt in life's short day
My loan an hundredfold repay,
And crown me, when *Thy* Son comes down,
With glorious life's eternal crown.

2 : 6. *The Lord killeth.*

When mortal man resigns his breath,
'T is God directs the stroke of death :
Casual howe'er the stroke appear,
He sends the fatal messenger.
The keys are in that Hand divine
That Hand must first the warrant sign,
And arm the death, and wing the dart
Which doth His message to our heart.

3 : 18. *It is the Lord : let Him do what seemeth Him good.*

Of my extreme distresses
The Author is the Lord :
Whate'er His wisdom pleases,
His Name be still adored !

If still He prove my patience,
And to the utmost prove,
Yet all His dispensations
Are faithfulness and Love.

4. 18. *When he made mention of the ark of God, Eli fell from off the seat, and his neck brake, and he died.*

"ISRAEL before their foes are fled!"
Composed the tidings he receives.
"Whole troops; and both thy sons are dead!"
He hears the fatal news, and lives.
"The ark is taken by the foe,
And God doth with His ark depart!"
This, this inflicts the mortal blow,
And breaks his trembling, faithful heart.

10: 26. *There went with Saul a band of men whose hearts God had touched.*

THE good in man is not his own,
But freely flows from grace alone.
If to the right our hearts incline,
They own a secret touch divine;
And Britain's boasted loyalty,
O King of kings, is all from Thee.

13: 13, 14. *Now would the Lord have established thy kingdom for ever: but now thy kingdom shall not continue.*

WHAT lost the king his regal power?
The want of patience for an hour.

And who for Christ refuse to stay,
With patience, cast their souls away.
The cross they hastily lay down,
And forfeit an immortal crown.

15 : 9. *Saul spared Agag.*

How fond the self-deceiver's hope,
By partial righteousness,
By giving grosser evils up,
An holy God to please!
Our vulgar sins we slay in vain,
And every lust beside,
If still we suffer self to reign,
Or spare the life of pride.

16 : 23. *When the evil spirit was upon Saul, David took an harp and played : so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.*

Music, as first by Heaven designed
To calm the tumult of the mind,
Relieves us by its sacred aid,
As Saul was well when David played.
But if it takes the tempter's part,
And softly steals from God the heart,
It chases the good spirit away,
And courts the evil one to stay.

18 : 4. *Jonathan stripped himself of the robe which was upon him, and gave it to David.*

Our Prince and Friend enthroned above
Did thus His zeal for man express ;
He stript Himself of all but Love,
To clothe us with His Righteousness.
Kinder than Jonathan, He wore
The rags of our humanity,
Self-emptied, sorrowful, and poor,
That all my God might dwell in me.

20 : 3. *There is but a step between me and death.*

Thanks to my redeeming Lord !
Late by Thee to sight restored,
Life itself I plainly see
One short step 'twixt death and me.
While this one short step I take,
Keep me for Thy mercy's sake ;
Furnished then with wings to fly,
Bear me, Saviour, to the sky.

28 : 19. *To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me.*

What do these solemn words portend ?
A gleam of hope when life shall end.
" Thou and thy sons, though slain, shall be
To-morrow in repose with me ! "
Not in a state of hellish pain,
If Saul with Samuel doth remain ;
Not in a state of damned despair,
If loving Jonathan is there !

30: 6. *The people spake of stoning him; but David encouraged himself in the Lord his God.*

Let earth and hell their powers engage,
And fierce temptations rise;
Above their impotence of rage
My soul to Jesus flies.
Louder than all their threats I hear
The voice of Love divine;
Nor can I faint nor can I fear,
Who know that God is mine.

II. SAMUEL.

6: 11. *The Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his household.*

If but one Christian soul appear
Beneath my roof, the Ark is here:
Jesus, the real Ark Thou art,
Set up in every faithful heart:
And where Thy Godhead doth reside,
Mercy and grace are multiplied,
Fulness of gospel-blessings flow,
And make a little heaven below.

11: 4. *David sent, and took Bathsheba.*

Is this the man to God so dear,
So just, and after His own heart?
O what are saints, the most sincere,
The strongest, if their Lord depart!

Left to ourselves one moment, we
Into the foulest crimes should fall;
And thus our helplessness we see,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

11: 15. *David wrote, Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the battle, that he may be smitten, and die.*

O TELL it not in Gath, nor spread
Through Askelon the direful deed,
Lest hardened infidels in ill
Rejoice, and grow more hardened still.
Alas, the record of his crimes,
Preserved through all succeeding times,
Savor of life or death must be,
And offer heaven or hell to me!

16: 7. *Come out, thou bloody man!*

PURE from the blood of Saul in vain,
He dares not to the charge reply;
Uriah's doth the charge maintain.
Uriah's doth against him cry!
Let Shimei curse: the rod he hears
For sins which mercy had forgiven,
And in the wrongs of man reveres
The awful righteousness of heaven.

16: 10. *The Lord hath said unto him, Curse David.*

LORD, I adore Thy righteous will;
Through every instrument of ill
My Father's goodness see;

Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue
As kind rebukes from Thee.

18: 5. *Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom.*

Whene'er my Father in the skies
Is forced this rebel to chastise,
He makes His goodness known:
And while my feeble flesh He grieves,
A charge with the affliction gives,
"Deal gently with my son."

24: 10. *David's heart smote him.*

O that my faltering heart may smite
And make me inly groan,
Whene'er I vainly take delight
In aught I call my own!
Hardened by sin's deceitfulness
O may I never be,
But miss my comfort and my peace
Whene'er I turn from Thee!

24: 16. *It is enough; stay now thine hand.*

He saw the one great Sacrifice
There to be offered up for all;
He heard His Son's expiring cries
For mercy and forgiveness call!

Our lives, though forfeited, He spares,
For Jesus our Atonement died:
His Blood was mingled with His prayers,
And God the Just is satisfied.

I. KINGS.

11: 4. *When Solomon was old, his wives turned away his heart after other gods.*

On the first early dawn of grace,
Alas, who can depend,
When the wise monarch's youthful days
In shameful dotage end!
O never, Lord, my soul forsake,
Nor let me rest secure
Of heavenly bliss, till death shall make
My perseverance sure.

17: 3. *Hide thyself.*

Me if Thou in the desert hide,
Or lay Thy servant quite aside,
I patiently submit.
For Thee if I must work no more,
For Thee I suffer, and adore
In silence at Thy feet.

17 : 16. *The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.*

THAT thy stock may never cease,
That thy little may increase,
Gladly of that little give ;
Poor thyself, the poor relieve.
The great Prophet entertain,
Sure eternally to gain
All the infinite reward,
All the glory of thy Lord.

19 : 10. *I, even I, only am left.*

LIKE him, in piety's decay
I made my solitary moan ;
Thou heard'st Thy desolate servant say,
I, even I, am left alone !
But now with open heart and eyes
Thousands I in our Israel see,
Who idols hate, the world despise,
Its god renounce, and follow Thee.

II. KINGS.

2 : 9. *Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee.*

BEFORE the saints to glory go,
We may implore their aid :
Christ doth on us the gifts bestow
For which on earth they prayed.

But when He doth our friends remove,
Himself their place supplies,
Our only Advocate above,
Who prays us to the skies.

2 : 10. *Thou hast asked an hard thing.*

HARD it is, but not for Thee,
Clothed with full authority ;
Hard for sinners to receive,
Easy for my Lord to give.
Sent in answer to Thy prayer,
Let the promised Comforter
Tell me, Saviour, who Thou art,
Show Thy glory to my heart.

2 : 11. *A chariot of fire parted them both asunder.*

THAT chariot, in my life's short day,
I oft have seen descend,
To tear my other self away,
To part me from my friend.
But lo, it comes my soul to unite
With those that went before ;
It whirls me to my friends in light,
Where we shall part no more.

2 : 13. *He took up the mantle of Elijah.*

WE gather up with pious care
What happy saints have left behind ;
Their writings in our memory bear,
Their sayings on our faithful mind.

Their works which traced them to the skies
For patterns to ourselves we take,
And dearly love, and highly prize
The mantle for the wearer's sake.

2 : 17. *They sought, but found him not.*

To traverse hills and dales is vain,
Or search the world around;
It cannot bring us to the man
On earth no longer found.
But following him in holy love,
In zeal and faith and prayer,
We soon shall find the seer above,
And share his raptures there.

4 : 33. *He prayed unto the Lord.*

Type of Christ, the servant gains
Power from heaven to raise the dead;
Power the Son Himself ordains,
Lord of life, and Fountain-head.
"Maid, the Saviour saith, arise!" —
With divine authority,
"Lazarus, come forth," He cries,
"Find Thy life derived from Me!"

4 : 40. *There is death in the pot.*

Death in the pot! 't is always there,
The bane of all our food,
When we partake it without fear,
Without an eye to God.

Unless He sanctify the meat
And bless us from the sky,
Unless we to His glory eat,
Our souls by eating die.

6: 6. *He cut down a stick, and cast it in, and the iron did swim.*

Deep sunk in nature's base desire,
The sinful mud, the worldly mire,
What but the casting in of grace
This stony, iron heart can raise,
To heavenly turn my earthly love,
And lift my soul to things above?

9: 30. *She painted her face, and tired her head.*

Who in the painting art excel,
Fair rivals of a pagan fair,
Look in the glass of Jezebel,
Admire her lovely likeness there!

I. CHRONICLES.

29: 15 *We are strangers before Thee and sojourners: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.*

The angels are at home in heaven,
The saints unsettled pilgrims here:
Our days are as a shadow, driven
From earth, so soon we disappear.
We no abiding city have,
No place of resting, but the grave.

Transient our life, and dark, and vain,
With empty joy and solid woe:
It never can return again:
Soon as our dream is past below,
Its darkness ends in perfect night,
Or glorious everlasting light.

29: 28. *He died full of days, riches, and honor.*

FULL, but not satisfied
With wealth and pomp, he died.
Wealth and pomp and length of days
Could not fill a deathless soul,
Made to feast on Jesu's grace
While eternal ages roll.

Jesus, my soul to fill,
Thy blessed self reveal.
Come, and bring me from above
All the life of righteousness,
All the riches of Thy Love,
All the glories of Thy grace.

O 'T IS enough! I ask no more.
Full of a few sad sinful days,
Sated with life, till life is o'er
I languish to conclude my race,
And silently resign my breath,
And sink into the shades of death.

This earth without regret I leave,
Impatient for my heavenly rest.
Saviour, my weary soul receive,
Take a sad pilgrim to Thy breast,
Who only live, and die, to be
Restored, resorbed, and lost in Thee.

JOB.

1: 9. *Doth Job fear God for nought?*

No, thou malicious fiend!
I own my service bought.
So great a Lord, so kind a Friend
I cannot fear for nought.

2: 9. *Curse God and die.*

URGED by the world and Satan I
In pain to curse my God and die,
To the abhorred temptation give
No place; but bless my God, and live.

2: 10. *Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?*

PATIENTLY received from Thee,
Evil cannot evil be.
Evil is by evil healed;
Evil is but good concealed,
And through the virtue of Thy Blood
Shall turn to our eternal good.

3: 1. *Job cursed his day.*

IMPATIENT of a Father's rod,
In gloomy, discontented pain,
No more I quarrel with my God,
Of life ungratefully complain,
But humbled in the dust, approve
The kind design of heavenly Love.

Blest be the day that I was born
A candidate for endless bliss!
If to my latest hour I mourn,
Yet will I praise my God for this,
Bear up beneath a weight of clay,
And triumph in my natal day.

9: 15. *Whom, though I were righteous, yet would I not answer, but I would make supplication to my Judge.*

NO, not if all the saints could join
To make their works and merits mine,
Summoned before the Judge, would I
Not guilty to His charge reply,
Or stand by any other plea
Than — God be merciful to me!

Yet conscious of my guilt I dare
Appear at Thy tremendous bar;
Unworthy to behold Thy face,
I humbly sue for pardoning grace,
And boldly now approach Thy throne,
Confiding in Thy righteous Son.

13: 15. *Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.*

And let my body languish
(So He my soul redeem)
Or fail through mortal anguish,
Yet will I trust in Him.
Destruction as a blessing
At Jesu's hands I meet,
And camly die embracing
My dear Destroyer's feet.

23: 3. *O that I knew where I might find Him!*

Where but on yonder Tree?
Or if too rich thou art,
Sink into poverty,
And find Him in thine heart.

28 28 *The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.*

Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given:

And let me through Thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

PSALMS.

23 : 2. *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters.*

BEAR me to the sacred scene,
The silent streams and pastures green!
Where the crystal waters shine,
Springing up with life divine:
Where the flock of Israel feed,
Guided by their Shepherd's tread,
And every sheep delights to hide
Under the Tree where Jesus died!

48 : 13. *This God is our God for ever and ever: He shall be our Guide unto death.*

THOU wast my Guide in infancy,
Thou art in life's decline;
My Guide in death Thou soon shalt be,
And then — forever mine!

71 : 8. *Forsake me not when my strength faileth me.*

THOU who so long hast saved me here,
A little longer save,
Till freed from sin and freed from fear
I sink into a grave.

Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend,
And O, my life of mercies crown
With a triumphant end!

81: 10. *Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.*

Give me that enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole:
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider, and yet wider still:
Then with all that is in Thee
My soul forever fill!

116: 8. *Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.*

My soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel;
Mine eyes from tears of vain despair,
My feet from falling into hell.
Wherefore to Him my feet shall run;
Mine eyes on His perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout His praise.

119: 96. *I have seen an end of all perfection. The exceeding broad commandment.* [Heb.]

I SEE the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.
O that with all Thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love!

130: 3. *If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?*

I MAY abide it — I,
Who on that Cross rely!
Jesus died, and I am clear;
Justice rigorously extreme
Marked the sins I cannot fear,
Punished all my sins on Him!

145: 9. *His mercy is over all His works.*

THE meanest then may mercy claim:
I bring no other plea;
The meanest of Thy works I am,
And mercy find in Thee.

PROVERBS.

23: 26. *My son, give me thine heart.*

FATHER, how kind Thou art,
To ask my evil heart!
But yet Thou dost; and I
Have found the reason why:
Thou want'st to make it good
By washing it in Blood,
And then to reign alone
Upon Thy favorite throne.

ECCLESIASTES.

1: 2. *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.*

TAUGHT by long experience, Lord.
By Thy Spirit taught, I see
True is Thy severest word,
All on earth is vanity:
Empty all our bliss below,
Seeming bliss, but real woe.

Turning then from earth away,
Seeks my soul the joys above,
Solid joys without allay:
Saviour, in Thy heartfelt Love
Heavenly comfort I possess,
True, substantial happiness.

Now I find the good of man,
Now I answer Thy design;
All in Thee alone obtain
Plenitude of grace divine,
Plenitude of glory too,
Thee when face to face I view.

ISAIAH.

28: 9. *Whom shall He teach knowledge? them that are weaned.*

LORD, that I may learn of Thee,
Give me true simplicity:
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing Thee alone to know.

Let me cast myself aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride:
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at Thy feet:

Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in Thy light,
Only walking in Thy might.

Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness
Knowledge, love divine impart,
Life eternal to my heart.

49: 15. *Yet will I not forget thee.*

I KNOW it: by Thy hands and feet
Thou must remember me;
Thou couldst as easily forget
What passed on Calvary.

52: 14. *His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men.*

WAS ever grief like Thine,
Jesus, Thou Man of woe?
The visage and the form divine,
Why was it mangled so?
That man, through Thee restored,
God's image might regain,
And by the sorrows of his Lord
In joy eternal reign.

JEREMIAH.

32: 39. *I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear Me forever.*

No, they cry, it cannot be!
Christians never will agree.
All the world Thy word deny;
Yet we on the truth rely,
Sure, in that appointed day,
Thou wilt give us all one way,

Show us each to other joined,
One in heart, and one in mind.

Hasten then the general peace,
Bid Thy people's discord cease:
All united in Thy Name,
Let us think and speak the same.
Then the world shall know and own
God Himself hath made us one;
Thee their Lord with us embrace,
Sing Thine everlasting praise.

LAMENTATIONS.

1: 12. *Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?*

Oft have I unconcerned passed by,
Nor stopped at Calvary;
So small a thing that Thou shouldst die,
Or nothing, Lord, to me!
But now I see the bleeding Cross
Is all in all to man;
To me Thy Death is life, Thy loss
Is mine eternal gain.

HOSEA.

6: 4. *O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee?*

WHAT *canst* Thou do to me, whose good
Is transient as a morning cloud?
To me stability impart,
And fix *Thy* goodness in my heart.

JONAH.

4: 7. *The gourd withered.*

IN vain doth earthly bliss afford
A momentary shade;
It rises like the prophet's gourd,
And withers o'er my head.
But of my Saviour's Love possest,
No more for earth I pine,
Secure of everlasting rest
Beneath the heavenly Vine.

4: 8. *Jonah fainted, and wished in himself to die, and said, It is better for me to die than to live.*

LORD, I revoke my hasty prayer;
No more in peevishness of grief
I faint the fiery test to bear,
Or summon death to my relief.

Better for me to live, if Thou
My tempted soul with strength supply,
And *then* my hoary head to bow,
And, perfected through sufferings, die.

MICAH.

2: 7. *Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?*

Shall man to God a method show,
Or teach the Spirit how to blow?
He passes all our fancied bounds,
Our systems, plans, and rules confounds,
Our marks and states, in vain defined
By the blind leaders of the blind;
Who all at last with shame shall own
The unerring Guide was Christ alone.

MALACHI.

1: 8, 13. *Ye offer the blind for sacrifice; and that which was torn and the lame, and the sick.*

Oft have I offered up the *blind*
In sacrifice to Thee,
My foolish ignorance of mind,
My zealous bigotry.
When languid to Thy house I came
To act a formal part,

I sacrificed the *sick* and *lame*,
My lips without my heart.

Asunder sawn with anxious thought,
With soul-tormenting care,
In prayer to Thee the *torn* I brought,
In vain, distracted prayer.
But that my vows at last may be
Accepted at Thy throne,
I now present them all to Thee
Through Thine atoning Son.

MATTHEW.

5: 24. *First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*

In vain with angry hearts we dare
Nigh to Thine altar move,
Since neither sacrifice nor prayer
Atones for want of love.
O may we each with each agree
Through Thine uniting grace:
Our gift shall then accepted be,
Our life of love and praise.

5: 39. *Resist not evil.*

The trodden worm will turn again,
And nature hurt resent the smart,

Unless Thy gentleness restrain,
Unless Thy Love o'ercome my heart.
The precept and the pattern mild
Thou giv'st; but add the patient power,
And, turned into a little child,
Thy follower shall resist no more.

6: 22. *Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*

If with my all I cannot part,
Cannot a child or friend forego,
In vain I would disguise my heart;
My heart and treasure are below.

7: 7. *Ask, and it shall be given you.*

If Thou the power of asking give,
The blessings asked shall all be given.
I ask, expecting to receive,
Thy grace, Thine image, and Thy heaven.

8: 10. *Jesus marvelled.*

But doth it, Lord, Thy wonder raise,
The faith Thou hast Thyself bestowed?
O what a mystery of grace!
The Man in Christ admires the God!

10: 17. *Beware of men.*

Not through an all-suspecting fear
Would we in deserts hide,
Nor yet, unguardedly sincere,
In faithless man confide.

Armed with Thy wise, benevolent mind,
Our course we safely run,—
Honor and love the ransomed kind,
But *trust* in God alone.

10: 30. *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

FATHER, how wide Thy glories shine,
God of the universe, and mine!
Thy goodness watches o'er the whole,
As all mankind were but one soul,
Yet keeps my every sacred hair,
As I remained Thy single care.

12: 33. *The tree is known by its fruit.*

ARE words the proof of sin forgiven?
Then Satan might return to heaven,
And every Antinomian liar
Escape that everlasting fire.
His faith the pardoned sinner *shows*,
While after holiness he goes,
And loves throughout his life to express
The genuine fruits of righteousness.

13: 12. *Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.*

WHY is my heart so dark and void,
And hardly feels its loss?
I have not what I once enjoyed,
I am not what I was.

With Christ my suffering Lord one hour
I would not watch and pray,
And therefore He withdrew the power,
And took His gifts away.

16: 26. *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

If for a world a soul be lost,
Who can the loss supply?
More than a thousand worlds it cost
One single soul to buy.

18: 26. *Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.*

Thy debtor at Thy feet I fall:
But can I ever pay Thee all?
Or for a single sin atone?
No, Lord: I leave it to Thy Son.

23: 8. *Be not ye called, Rabbi.*

O may I never dare receive
From blind simplicity
The reverence which poor worms would give
To man, instead of Thee!
O may I still their praise reject
Who hang upon my word,
Refuse to lead the implicit sect,
And send them to their Lord!

25 : 10. *The door was shut.*

How dreadful is the sinner's fate
Who wakes to sleep no more,
Who knocks and calls, alas, too late,
When death hath shut the door!

25 : 11. *Lord, Lord, open to us.*

But we who now Thy grace implore
Shall now admitted be,
For if Thy justice shut the door,
Thy mercy keeps the key.

25 : 21. *Well done, good and faithful servant.*

My faithfulness I cannot see,
My goodness is unknown to me;
And be it, Lord, unknown,
So Thou, the Giver of all grace,
In that great Day Thy servant praise
For what Thyself hast done.

25 : 30. *Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness*

What multitudes the curse shall feel
Who keep their talent unemployed,
Shut out from heaven, shut up in hell,
For doing neither harm nor good!

26: 11. *Ye have the poor always with you.*

THE poor supply Thy place,
Deputed, Lord, by Thee,
To exercise our grace,
Our faith and charity:
And what to Thee in them is given
Is laid up for ourselves in heaven.

26: 38. *My soul is exceeding sorrowful.*

THE Man of sorrow now
Thou dost indeed appear,
Beneath my guilty burthen bow,
And tremble with my fear.
Thy pain is my relief,
And doth my load remove;
For O, if all Thy soul is grief,
Yet all Thy heart is Love!

27: 12. *He answered nothing.*

SPEECHLESS the Saviour stood
Beneath my guilty load:
He answered not, for I
Have nothing to reply:
But when condemned and dumb
I before God become,
His mouth is opened then for me,
His Blood proclaims the sinner free.

27 : 23. *They cried out the more, Let Him be crucified*

No, there can be no reprieve,
Blood alone can satisfy :
That our guilty souls may live,
Innocence itself must die.

27 : 42. *Himself He cannot save.*

HIMSELF, and us, He cannot save,
And therefore sinks into our grave ;
A voluntary victim dies,
That we may to His glory rise.

28 : 10. *Go, tell my brethren.*

WILT Thou as such the cowards own,
All who deserted Thee ?
Then I am of Thy brethren one,
And mercy is for me.

MARK.

4 : 26, 27. *So is the Kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground — and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.*

YE bold to explain, describe, define
The progress of the life divine,
Your learned ignorance allow,
And own it grows ye know not how !

No mortal eye the manner sees,
The imperceptible degrees,
By which our Lord conducts His plan,
And brings us to a perfect man.

10: 16. *He took them up in His arms.*

WHO is this tender-hearted Friend
That doth for children care,
That doth my little ones defend
And in His bosom bear?
The arms, within whose soft embrace
My sleeping babes I see,
They comprehend unbounded space,
And grasp infinity!

LUKE.

8: 56. *He charged them, that they should tell no man what was done*

O MAY I never take the praise,
Or my own glory spread,
If made Thine instrument to raise
A sinner from the dead!
O may I never boast my own
Successful ministry,
But sink forgotten and unknown,
And swallowed up in Thee!

JOHN.

4 : 10, 14. *If thou knewest the gift of God — thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living Water.*

JESUS, the Gift divine I know ;
The Gift divine I ask of Thee ;
The living Water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and Thyself, on me.
Thou, Lord, of life the Fountain art :
O could I find Thee in my heart !

Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness !
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace ;
In joy which none can take away,
In life which shall forever stay.

6 : 37. *Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*

BE it according to Thy word :
To Thee by faith I come :
Receive me to Thy mercy, Lord,
And to Thy heavenly home.

10 : 10. *I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.*

ANSWER then Thy blest design,
Bring to me the life of grace ;
Bring me larger life divine ;
Fill my soul with holiness

Fit me for the life above,
All Thy life of heavenly Love.

10 : 11. *I am the Good Shepherd.*

THE Shepherd Good indeed Thou art;
I feel Thy goodness at my heart.
No goodness out of Christ I see:
Goodness itself has died for me!

13 : 15. *I have given you an example.*

THOU hast a lovely one indeed,
A perfect pattern given;
Ah, give us in Thy steps to tread,
And bear our cross to heaven.

15 : 7. *Ye shall ask what ye will.*

WHAT shall I ask but Thee?
Thou, Lord, art all in one.
In time and in eternity
I ask my God alone.

21 : 22. *What is that to thee? Follow thou Me*

WHAT is all the world to me,
Meekly following after Thee?
Rooted in simplicity,
What is all the world to me?

ACTS.

15 : 8, 9. *God gave them the Holy Ghost, purifying their hearts by faith.*

By Thy Spirit's inspiration
Bid my evil thoughts depart:
All the filth of pride and passion
Purge out of my faithful heart.
Then I shall with joy embrace Thee,
Meet to see Thy face above;
Then I worthily shall praise Thee,
Then I perfectly shall love.

22 : 16. *Arise, and wash away thy sins*

Called from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.
It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'T was opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side.

26 : 24. *Paul, thou art beside thyself: much learning doth make thee mad.*

More of this madness, more
Of this true learning give,
Jesus, whom I confess before
The world that disbelieve.

My faith let men mistake
For mere insanity :
Beside myself for Thy dear sake,
I live and die to Thee.

I. CORINTHIANS.

6 19. *Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.*

Holy Ghost, we know Thou art
Still in every faithful heart.
Yes ; we tremble, Lord, to know
God resides in man below !
O might all our bodies be
Sensibly replete with Thee !
O might all Thy temples shine
Bright with holiness divine !

6 : 20. *Ye are bought with a price : therefore glorify God*

God, who didst so dearly buy
These wretched souls of ours,
Help us Thee to glorify
With all our ransomed powers :
Ours they are not, Lord, but Thine :
Let the vessels of Thy grace,
Body soul, and spirit, join
In their Redeemer's praise.

HEBREWS.

1 : 3. *Who being the Brightness of His glory, and the express Image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His Power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.*

BRIGHTNESS of the eternal glory,
Image of our God exprest,
Jesus, let Thy works adore Thee,
God supreme, forever blest!
Still upheld by their Creator,
Heaven and earth Thy power confess:
Lord of universal nature,
Take the universal praise.

From His heavenly throne descending,
Son of God, and Son of Man,
See Him on a Cross depending,
By His sinful creatures slain.
O the depth of Love redeeming!
God His spirit doth resign:
See the Blood in pardons streaming,
Precious balm of Blood divine!

Flowed from Him an open fountain
For the universal sin;
Washed away the enormous mountain,
Made a world of sinners clean.
By His one complete oblation
Jesus did the ransom find;

Quenched His Father's indignation,
Purged the guilt of all mankind.

After His few days of mourning
Rose our Lord no more to die,
To His heavenly realms returning,
To His seat above the sky;
Where He sat supreme, before
One of all His works was made,
In full majesty and power
Rested our triumphant Head.

Object of their adoration,
Saviour, Thee Thine angel-train
Met with rapturous exclamation,
Welcomed to Thy courts again.
Still they shout and fall before Thee,
Thee their great Creator own,
Reinstalled in all Thy glory,
Bright on Thine eternal throne.

6: 19. *Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul*

Let the winds blow, and billows roll,
Hope is the anchor of the soul.
But can I by so slight a tie,
An unseen Hope, on God rely?
Steadfast and sure, it cannot fail,
It enters deep within the veil,
It fastens on a land unknown,
And moors me to my Father's throne.

I. PETER.

3:8. *Be courteous.*

WORLDLINGS in the shadow rest:
Taught and tutored, Lord, by Thee,
Christians bear within their breast
True, substantial courtesy:
Not by art, but nature, prove
All the courtesy of love.

Born (again from heaven) to please,
Who Thy softening Spirit know,
Meek and lowly gentleness
They in words and actions show;
They the polished pattern give,
Show the world how angels live.

4: 18. *The righteous shall scarcely be saved.*

WHEN all Thy waves and storms are past,
Shall I, shall I be saved at last?
Then let my Lord conceal His face,
Withhold the knowledge of His grace,
Leave me in doubts, in darkness leave,
But at my latest hour forgive.

Deliver from the wrath to come,
And scourge me, Saviour, to the tomb
I to Thy righteous will submit,
And weep unanswered at Thy feet.

But when my dying head I bow,
Assure me then, Thou heardst me now!

REVELATION.

8: 1. *There was silence in heaven.*

WHAT doth that silence mean?
Can man or angel show?
Away this noisy world between,
And let me die to know!

General Hymns.

FOR ONE CONVINCED OF UNBELIEF.

And have I measured half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun?

The morning of my life is past,
The noon is almost o'er,
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can work no more.

O what a length of wretched years
Have I lived out in vain!
How fruitless all my toils and tears!
I am not born again.

Evil and sad my days have been,
And all a painful void,
For still I am not saved from sin,
For still I know not God.

Darkness He makes His secret place,
Thick clouds surround His throne;

Nor can I yet behold His face,
Or find the God unknown.

A God that hides Himself He is,
Far off from mortal sight,
An inaccessible Abyss
Of uncreated Light.

Far off He is, yet always near;
He fills both earth and heaven;
But doth not to my soul appear,
My soul from Eden driven

O'er earth a banished man I rove,
But cannot feel Him nigh;
Where is the pardoning God of Love,
Who stooped for me to die?

I sought Him in the secret cell,
With unavailing care;
Long did I in the desert dwell,
Nor could I find Him there.

Still every means in vain I try;
I seek Him far and near;
Where'er I come, constrained to cry,
My Saviour is not here.

God is in this, in every place;
Yet O how dark and void

To me! 't is one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till He His light impart,
Till He His glorious Self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.

Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold Thy face and live.

A darker soul did never yet
Thy promised help implore:
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose Him more!

Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle-wall of sin remove,
And let me into God!

1749.

FOR ONE IN DOUBT.

STILL, O Lord, for Thee I tarry,
Full of sorrows, sins, and wants:
Thee and all Thy saints I weary
With my sad but vain complaints:
Sawn asunder by temptation,
Tortured by distracting care,
Killed by doubt's severe vexation,
Sorer evil than despair.

Will the fight be never over?
Will the balance never turn?
Still 'twixt life and death I hover,
Bear what is not to be borne.
Who can bear a wounded spirit?
Whither must my spirit go?
Shall I heaven or hell inherit?
Let me die my doom to know.

All in vain for death I languish;
Death from his pursuer flies:
Still I feel the gnawing anguish,
Feel the worm that never dies.
Still in horrid expectation
Like the damned in hell I groan,
Envy them their swift damnation,
Fearful to enhance my own.

Jesus, see Thy fallen creature!
Fallen at Thy feet I lie:
Act according to Thy nature,
Bid the sinner live or die.
Of my pain fill up the measure,
If Thou canst no more forgive:
If Thou in my life hast pleasure,
Speak, and now my soul shall live.

1749

FOR ONE FALLEN FROM GRACE.

O HOW sore a thing and grievous
Is it from our God to run!
When we force our God to leave us,
Wretched are we and undone.
Are we not our own tormentors,
When from happiness we flee?
Yes; our soul the iron enters:
Sin is perfect misery.

I the bitter cup have tasted:
Still I drink the mingled gall;
Still my soul by sin lies wasted,
Unrecovered from his fall.
Still beneath His frown I languish:
God, from whom I *would* depart,
Leaves me to my grief and anguish,
Gives me up to my own heart.

Plague and curse I now inherit,
Fears, and wars, and storms within,
Pain and agony of spirit,
Sin chastising me for sin;
Weeping, woe, and lamentation,
Vain desire and fruitless prayer
Guilt, and shame, and condemnation,
Doubt, distraction, and despair.

Ye who now enjoy His favor,
Husband well the precious grace;
Never lose, like me, your Saviour,
Never break from His embrace.
Do not by your lightness grieve Him;
Youthful lusts and idols flee:
Little children, never leave Him,
Never lose your God like me.

Punished after my demerit,
Dives-like on you I call:
Lest my portion you inherit,
Take example by my fall.
Lest your joy be turned to mourning,
Lest ye come into my hell,
Listen to the solemn warning,
Keep the grace from which I fell.

Dead to praise, and wealth, and beauty,
Cast on Christ your every care;
Walk in all the paths of duty,
Praying, watching unto prayer.

Pray; and when the answer 's given,
When ye find the passage free,
When your faith hath opened heaven,
Faithful souls, remember me!

1749.

PENITENTIAL.

WEARY of my own complaints,
Still I sigh for purity:
Jesus, come! my spirit faints,
Faints and dies for want of Thee.
Drawn by my expiring groan,
Quickly come, and save Thine own.

Alien from the life of God,
Lest the second death I die,
Me polluted in my blood
Pass compassionately by:
Faith divine and pardon give,
Bid me in Thy likeness live.

Only Thee I gasp to know,
Truth of holiness and love,
Truth of happiness below,
Way to glorious joys above.
Life, eternal life Thou art;
Speak Thyself into my heart.

Preparation for Death 1772.

THE INVITATION.

WEARY souls, who wander wide
From the central Point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God!

Find in Christ the Way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan.
Rise exalted by His fall;
Find in Christ your All in all.

O believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Live on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind.
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity!

Redemption Hymns, 1747.

FATHER, I HAVE SINNED AGAINST HEAVEN AND BEFORE THEE, AND AM NO MORE WORTHY TO BE CALLED THY SON.

When I was a little child,
O what sweetness did I prove!
Then on me my Father smiled,
Clasped me in the arms of Love:
Bore me all my infant days,
Gently by His Spirit led;
Dandled me upon His knees,
Made me on His promise feed.

But, alas! I soon rebelled,
Would not cast on Him my care;
Swelled with pride, with passion swelled,
I could neither fall nor err
I was strong and able grown,
I could for myself provide,
I had wisdom of my own;
Let the weaker seek a guide.

When to Him I would not look,
Grieved and hardly forced away,
Me my Guide at length forsook,
Me my Father left to stray.
Angrily He hid His face:
Careless of His smile or frown,
I pursued my evil ways,
Frowardly in sin went on.

Back recalled, I know not how,
Father, I my folly mourn.
If Thou art my Father now,
Now assist me to return:
Freely my backslidings heal;
Once again become my Guide;
Save me from my wayward will,
Empty me of self and pride.

Thou who all my ways hast seen
Since I would from Thee depart,
Suffer me no more to lean
To my own deceitful heart.
O repair my grievous loss,
Comfort to my soul restore.
Once a little child I was:
Lift me up, to fall no more.

Give me back my innocence;
Give me back my filial fears,
Humble, loving confidence,
Praying sighs, and speaking tears.
Weak and helpless may I be,
To Thine only will resigned;
Ever hanging upon Thee,
Simple, ignorant, and blind.

Abba Father! hear my cry;
Look upon Thy weeping child.
Weeping at Thy feet I lie;
Kiss me, and be reconciled.

Take me up into Thine arms,
  Let me hang upon Thy breast;
Hide me there secure from harms;
  Lull my sorrowing soul to rest.

1740.

FOR CONSTANCY.

Jesu, Shepherd of the sheep,
  Pity my unsettled soul;
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
  Till Thy Love shall make me whole.
Give me perfect soundness, give,
Make me steadfastly believe.

Jesus, I behold Thee now:
  But my ever-roving eye
Loses Thee, I know not how;
  Soon I faint, fall back, and die;
Doubt again my heart assails,
Unbelief again prevails.

I am never at one stay;
  Changing every hour I am:
But Thou art, as yesterday,
  Now and evermore the same.
Constancy to me impart;
'Stablish with Thy grace my heart

Lay Thy weighty Cross on me,
All my unbelief control:
Till the rebel cease to be,
Keep him down within my soul.
That he never more may move,
Root and ground me fast in love.

Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea;
Holy, purifying hope
Still my soul's sure anchor be:
That I may be always Thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

This, the high, the heavenly prize,
Perfect love when I attain,
I shall never quit the skies,
I shall never fall again,
Pure as the atoning Blood,
Steadfast as the throne of God.

1749.

GROANING FOR THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION

FATHER, if Thou my Father art,
Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son;
Breathe Him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known:
Make me Thy conscious child, that I
May "Father, Abba Father," cry!

I want the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power, to conquer inbred sin;
Of love to Thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promised Comforter.
He comes! and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ is mine

O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And make my soul His loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
Attest that I am born again!
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Or all Thy former gifts are vain.
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

Where Thy indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?

The powerful stamp I long to feel
The signature of Love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

1740.

FOR LOVE.

O MIGHT the love of Jesus,
That heaven-descended Man,
Incomparably precious,
My ransomed heart constrain
From every earthly passion,
From every sin to part,
That God and His salvation
May take up all my heart.

O wouldst Thou, Lord, discover
Thy blessed Self to me;
My soul's eternal Lover
As bleeding on the Tree:
For my offences bleeding,
Crushed with the general load,
Yet kindly interceding
For those that shed His Blood!

The realizing power
Of faith divine I want,
To see Thee in that hour,
And hear Thy last complaint:

By hellish toils o'ertaken
To hear the Immortal groan
"Why hath my God forsaken
His dear, expiring Son?"

Let Thy own bowels move Thee
The faith of God to impart:
I cannot, cannot love Thee
Till Thou constrain my heart;
To flesh the stony turning,
Till Thou Thy wounds display:
And then in blissful mourning
I weep my life away.

Family Hymns, 1767.

ANOTHER.

DELIGHT, and softest sympathy,
My faithful heart divide,
When I behold the shameful Tree
Where my Beloved died.
I look on Him whose Blood redeems
And bears me up to God;
I look, — and while the Fountain streams,
My tears increase the flood.

I want to pour a sea of tears,
With blessed grief to mourn
In view of Him, whose form appears
By my offences torn.

My sins have done the atrocious deed,
Have caused the killing smart,
And pierced His soul, and made Him bleed
The balm that breaks my heart.

His precious Blood both wounds and heals,
(When faith the balm applies,)
My peace restores, my pardon seals,
My nature sanctifies.
His precious Blood the life inspires
Which angels live above,
And fills my infinite desires,
And turns me all to love.

Family Hymns, 1767.

DESIRING TO LOVE.

O Love, I languish at Thy stay;
I pine for Thee with lingering smart!
Weary, and faint through long delay,
When wilt Thou come into my heart,
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in Thee?

Come, O Thou universal Good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come;
The hungry, dying spirit's Food,
The weary, wandering pilgrim's Home:
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting Rest from sin.

Be Thou, O Love, whate'er I want:
Support my feebleness of mind:
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind:
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

Come, O my Comfort and Delight,
My Strength and Health, my Shield and Sun
My Boast, and Confidence, and Might,
My Joy, my Glory, and my Crown,
My Gospel-Hope, my calling's Prize,
My Tree of Life, my Paradise.

The Secret of the Lord Thou art,
The Mystery so long unknown,
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
The Name inscribed in the white stone;
The Life divine, the little Leaven,
My precious Pearl, my present Heaven.

1742.

ANOTHER.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming Love,
The Love of Christ to me.

Stronger His Love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the Love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For Love I sigh, for Love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

O that with humbled Peter I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove!
Thou know'st (for all to Thee is known)
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon

The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

Thy only Love do I require;
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go;
Give me Thy only Love to know,
Give me Thy only Love.

1749

LOOKING TO THE CROSS.

In weariness and pain,
By griefs and sins opprest,
I turn me to my Rest again,
My soul's eternal Rest:
The Lamb that died for me,
And still my load doth bear;
To Jesu's streaming wounds I flee,
And find my quiet there.

Jesus, was ever grief,
Was ever love like Thine?
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,
Thy Life hath ransomed mine.

The Crucified appears!
I see the dying God!
O might I pour my ceaseless tears,
And mix them with thy Blood!

My sorrows I forget
In view of Calvary:
I fall and kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And pant to share with Thee.
O were I offered up
Upon Thy Sacrifice!
Who would not drink the sacred cup,
And die when Jesus dies?

Thou seest my heart's desire:
I would Thy Cross partake;
I long to be baptized with fire,
And die for Thy dear sake.
I long to rise with Thee,
And soar to things above,
And spend a blest eternity
In praise of dying love.

1749.

FOR SYMPATHY WITH CHRIST.

Thy Divinity's Adorer,
Thee that I may truly know,
Jesus, be my soul's Restorer,
Bleeding Lamb, appear below;

God expiring on the Tree,
Love, be manifest in me.

Sharer of Thy dereliction,
Joining in Thy plaintive cry,
Pained with Thy extreme affliction,
Let my broken heart reply:
O let all within me moan,
Echo back Thy dying groan!

Here would I maintain my station,
Never from the Cross remove,
Till I in my last temptation
Pay Thee back Thy dearest Love,
Faint into Thy arms away,
Die into immortal Day.

Hymns on the Trinity, 1767.

THE INCARNATION.

With glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

Will He forsake His throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak into my heart!

In manifested Love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming Blood divine?

Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive Thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace;
Those wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.

Before my eyes of faith confessed,
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb:
And wrap me in Thy crimson vest,
And tell me all Thy Name.

Jehovah in Thy person show,
Jehovah crucified:
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the Blood applied.

I view the Lamb in His own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
Through all eternity.

Family Hymns, 1767.

PRAISE.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
  Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join
  To worship God aright;
To praise a Trinity adored
  By all His host above,
And One thrice holy God and Lord
  Through endless ages love.

Triumphant host! they never cease
  To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
  Whose glory fills the sky:
Whose glory to this earth extends,
  While God Himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
  Into our faithful hearts.

By faith the upper choir we meet,
  And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on His shining seat,
  Our Maker, God, and King.
But God made flesh is wholly ours,
  And asks a nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
  The Friend of earth-born man.

Ye Seraphs nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us poor ransomed worms look down,
For heaven's superior praise.
The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us His crown resigned;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

Hymns on the Trinity, 1767.

A MORNING HYMN.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect Day.

1740

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

FOOLISH world, who canst not find
Friendship in a Christian mind!
"Where the heart so many share,
No peculiar love is there."
Idly doth thy malice rage,
Baffled by the sacred page:
Vainly would thy maxims prove
God incapable of love.

God of all-redeeming grace,
Hath He not His chosen race?
Dare ye hence His Love deny,
Feign He passed one sinner by?
Some if He hath doubly blest,
Hath He therefore cursed the rest?
No; like rain His blessings fall;
Loving is our God to all.

Taught of God, like Him we love
All to whom His bowels move;

Pity and good-will we find
To the whole of human kind:
But the saints, who walk in white,
These are all our soul's delight;
These we seek, in these we rest,
Most desire, and love the best.

Yet of these if God's decree
Single out a soul for me,
Give me to his tenderest care,
Bid him all my burdens bear;
Each for each if Jesus use,
Shall we dare the grace refuse?
Shall we not the blessing own,
Glad that all His will is done?

Is it not His will to join
Spirits in a bond divine,
Knit in friendship's closest tie,
Each with each to live and die?
Did He not inspire, approve
Jonathan and David's love?
Had not God His favorite one,
Jesus His beloved John?

Happy soul, above the rest,
Leaning on Thy Saviour's breast!
Thou the dear disciple art,
Ever closest to His heart;

Thou dost all His secrets know,
Choicest of His friends below,
Called peculiarly to prove
Christ is God, and God is Love.

Jesu, Lover of mankind,
Grant me Thy extensive mind;
Head of the believing race,
Give me Thy peculiar grace.
Give it to my dearest friend;
Make him faithful to the end;
Root and stablish him in Thee;
Save my other self, and me.

Let it in our souls be seen,
Thy unbounded Love to men.
Show in us how good Thou art,
Stamp Thy image on our heart.
Call us out Thy witnesses;
Bid us all Thy life express,
All the happiness above,
All the height of Christian love.

1749

WRESTLING JACOB.

COME, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;

With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare.
Thyself hast called me by my name:
Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold.
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy Love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

'T is all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies;
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand;
Faint to revive, and fall to rise:
I fall, and yet by faith I stand.
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

'T is Love! 't is Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart.
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy bowels move;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;

Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face, and live.
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in His wings;
Withered my nature's strength; from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings.
My help is all laid up above:
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move:
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,

Through all eternity to prove,
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love

1742.

JOHN 6: 67, 68.

Will ye also go away? — Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.

JESU, whither shall I go,
Thee my Saviour if I leave?
Only Thou canst ease my woe,
Only Thou canst pardon give.
None beside can save from sin;
None beside can make me clean.

If I foolishly depart
From the ark of Thy dear breast,
Where shall my unsettled heart
Find a ground whereon to rest?
Whither, or to whom shall I
From myself for succor fly?

Shall I back to Egypt go,
To my vomit turn again,
To my flesh corruption sow,
Live anew in pleasures vain?
No, with sin I cannot dwell;
Sin is worse than death and hell.

Shall I my old toil renew,
Catch an honorable name,
Praise which comes from man pursue,
Idolize and pant for fame?
Who on fame bestows his care,
Grasps a shadow, feeds on air.

Shall I go to courts and kings?
Courts and kings are vanity:
Beggarly and wretched things,
Can they yield support to me?
Crushed by their own grandeur's weight,
Poorly, miserably great!

Learning should I strive to gain,
Fairest fruit on earth that grows,
Ineffectual were my pain:
Happiest he who nothing knows.
Who in quest of vain relief
Adds to knowledge, adds to grief.

If my God I cast behind,
God, the Source of perfect bliss,
Vain are all my hopes to find
True, substantial happiness:
Search the whole creation round,
Can it out of God be found?

No, my God! if from the Way,
From the Truth if I remove,

Must I not forever stray,
On in error's mazes rove,
Rove from peace to troublous strife,
Rove to death from endless Life?

Who would go from health to pain,
Turn from grace to wickedness,
Freedom quit, to hug a chain,
Grieve his friend, his foe to please?
Who, his Saviour God to shun,
Would to his destroyer run?

Saviour, I with guilty shame
Own that I, alas, am he!
Weak and wavering still I am,
Ready still to fly from Thee.
Stop me by Thy look, and say,
Will you also go away?

You, whom I have brought to God,
Will you turn from God again?
You, for whom I spilt my Blood,
Will you let it flow in vain?
You, who felt it once applied,
Can ye leave my bleeding side?

No, my Lamb, my Saviour, no,
(Every soul with me reply)
From Thy wounds we will not go,
Will not from our Master fly.

Thine is the life-giving Word;
Thou art our eternal Lord.

Speak, and by Thy Word detain
Every soul inclined to stray;
Speak, and let Thy Love constrain
Every fugitive to stay.
That we may no more depart,
Speak Thyself into our heart.

1749.

I AM DETERMINED TO KNOW NOTHING SAVE JESUS CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with His Blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Other knowledge I disdain,
'T is all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe
The all-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore.
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From out His head, His hands, His side;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of Thy breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

What though all I am is sin,
Sin cannot break my peace:
Here is Blood to wash me clean
From all unrighteousness.
This shall make me white as snow;
On this for all things I confide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

What though earth and hell engage
To shake my soul with fear,
Calmly I defy the rage
Of persecution near.

Suffering faith shall brighter glow,
As gold when in the furnace tried:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end:
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in His grace to grow,
And ever in His faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

O that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesu's Love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The Blood, which all may feel applied:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Him in all my works I seek
Who hung upon the Tree;
Only of His Love I speak,
Who freely died for me.
While I sojourn here below,
Of nothing will I think beside:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified. 1742.

AT SETTING OUT TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

Angel of God, whate'er betide,
Thy summons I obey;
Jesus, I take Thee for my Guide,
And walk in Thee my Way.

Secure from danger and from dread,
Nor earth nor hell shall move,
Since over me Thine hand hath spread
The banner of Thy Love.

To leave my Captain I disdain;
Behind I will not stay,
Though shame, and loss, and bonds, and pain,
And death obstruct the way.

Me to Thy suffering Self conform,
And arm me with Thy power;
Then burst the cloud, descend the storm,
And come the fiery hour.

Then shall I bear Thine utmost will,
When first the strength is given.
Come, foolish world, my body kill,
And drive my soul to heaven.

1740

THE TEMPEST.

And are our joys so quickly fled?
We who were filled with living Bread,
With calm delight and peace,
Constrained into the ship we go,
And now the boisterous violence know
Of stormy winds and seas.

To shipwreck our weak faith and hope,
Satan hath stirred a tempest up,
Prince of the lower air;
The world he actuates and guides,
He in that troubled ocean rides,
And reigns despotic there.

The world, obedient to their god,
Rage horribly, and storm aloud;
The waves around us roll:
But fiercer still the storm within,
While floods of wickedness and sin
O'erwhelm the tempted soul.

Even now the waves of passion rise,
And work, and swell, and touch the skies,
Or bear us down to hell,
Tost in a long tempestuous night,
While not one gleam of cheerful light
Or ray of joy we feel.

But lo, in our distress we see
The Saviour walking on the sea!
Even now He passes by;
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer;
Be not afraid, 't is I!

"'T is I, who bought you with my Blood,
'T is I, who bring you washed to God,
'T is I, the sinner's Friend:
'T is I, in whom ye pardon have,
Who speak in truth, mighty to save,
And love you to the end."

Ah, Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in the time of need,
So good, so strong to save;
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to Thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.

He bids me come! His voice I know
And boldly on the water go
To Him, my God and Lord.
I walk on life's tempestuous sea:
For He who loved and died for me
Hath spoke the powerful word.

Secure on liquid waves I tread,
Nor all the storms of passion heed,
While to my Lord I look;

O'er every fierce temptation bound:
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

But if from Him I turn mine eye,
And see the raging floods run high,
And feel my fears within,
My foes so strong, my flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And sink me into sin.

Sinking, on Him for help I call:
Save, Lord, or into hell I fall;
O snatch me from my doom!
Stretch out Thy hand, and ask me, "Why,
Why dost thou doubt, or fear, when I
Thy Lord have bid thee come?"

Lord, I my unbelief confess:
My little spark of faith increase,
And I shall doubt no more,
But fix on Thee my steady eye,
And on Thine outstretched arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.

Jesu, in us Thyself reveal!
The winds are hushed, the sea is still,
If in the ship Thou art.
O manifest Thy power divine;
Enter this sinking Church of Thine,
And dwell in every heart.

Come in, come in, Thou Prince of Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall no more to rise.
We then, if Thou with us remain,
Our port shall in a moment gain,
And anchor in the skies.

1749

AT THE APPROACH OF TEMPTATION.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head:

In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
O help me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

On Thee my helpless soul is cast,
And looks again Thy grace to prove:
I call to mind the wonders past,
The countless wonders of Thy Love.

Thou, Lord, my spirit oft hast stayed,
Hast snatched me from the gaping tomb,
A monument of Thy mercy made,
And rescued me from wrath to come.

Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
And gave me back to Thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of Thine hand.

Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head:
Sudden, I found Thee near to save;
The fever owned Thy touch, and fled.

But O the mightier work of grace!
That still the life of faith I live,
That still I pant to sing Thy praise,
That still my all I gasp to give!

Plucked from the roaring lion's teeth,
Caught up from the eternal fire,
Snatched from the gates of hell I breathe,
And lo! to heaven I still aspire.

Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest!

I see the fiery trial near,
But Thou, my God, art still the same.
Hell, earth, and sin, I scorn to fear,
Divinely armed with Jesu's Name.

I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run,
But Thou art greater than my heart.

I have no might to oppose the foe,
But everlasting strength is Thine.
Show me the way that I should go,
Show me the path I should decline.

Which shall I leave, and which pursue?
Thou only mine Adviser be.
My God, I know not what to do;
But O, mine eyes are fixed on Thee.

Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known:
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

Enlarge my heart to make Thee room:
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

1740.

IN TEMPTATION.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art:
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

1740.

NUMBERS 9: 18.

As long as the cloud abode upon the tabernacle, they rested in their tents.

WHO in Thy word confide,
From nature's haste set free,
Our patient souls by faith abide,
And fix their eyes on Thee.
Till Thou wouldst have us go,
We wait Thy Spirit's sign:
We cannot lose our time, we know,
By tarrying, Lord, for Thine.

To work for God is good,
If God our work ordain:
But stayed by the incumbent cloud
We in our place remain.
To cease from work is best,
If after Jesu's will;
For when at His command we rest
We please our Saviour still.

Saviour, we wait the day,
The awful day unknown,
To quit our house, this tent of clay
To lay our bodies down.
Expecting from above
The certain sign we stand,
As ready always to remove,
And die at Thy command.

Scripture Hymns, 1762.

JOB 23: 8–10.

FORWARD I now in duties go,
But O, my Saviour is not there!
Heavy He makes me drive, and slow,
Without the chariot-wheels of prayer.

I look to former times, and strain
The footsteps of my God to trace;
Backward I go (but still in vain)
To find the tokens of His grace.

Surrounded by His power I stand;
His work on other souls I see;
He deals His gifts on either hand,
But still He hides Himself from me.

Groaning, I languish at His stay,
But He regards my every groan:
Dark and disconsolate my way,
But still my way to Him is known.

When fully He my faith hath tried,
Like gold I in the fire shall shine,
Come forth when seven times purified,
And strongly bear the stamp divine.

1740

PHILIPPIANS 2: 13

It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do.

I.

FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift;
My soul on Thee depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.
Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of Thy Son
We nothing good can do.

We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
His Blood demands the purchased grace;
His Blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine:
The praise of every virtuous thought
Or righteous work is Thine.
From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on Thee to call,
In Whom we are, and move, and live:
Our God is All in all.

II.

How empty then the former boast,
The impotence of pride,
When in ourselves we put our trust,
And on our works relied:
Strong in our liberty of will,
Our nature's noble powers,
We vowed to scale the heavenly hill,
And seize the crown as ours.

The stress of our salvation we
On human efforts laid:
Or if sometimes we mentioned Thee,
And slightly asked Thine aid,
Our own attempts, we thought, should gain
For us the glorious prize;
Our meritorious toil and pain
Should lift us to the skies.

Our own desires, though weak, sincere,
Our own endeavors stood,
To atone for our transgressions here
In place of Jesu's Blood.
Alas for us! we knew not then
His Blood and Righteousness,
Through which alone the sons of men
May all be saved by grace.

III.

But now, my gracious God, Thy Love
Hath taught me better things:

My all is given me from above,
From Thee salvation springs.
Freely Thy Love delights to save,
And ransoms without price;
Mercy Thou wilt on sinners have,
And not our sacrifice.

Jesus for me the winepress trod;
He paid our debt alone:
He bought our pardon with His Blood,
And did for all atone.
We nothing think, or speak, or do,
Thy favor to procure:
But when my heart believes Thee true,
The grace to me is sure.

'T is not of him that wills or runs,
That labors or desires:
In answer to my Saviour's groans,
Thy love my breast inspires.
The meritorious cause I see,
That precious Blood divine;
And I, since Jesus died for me,
Shall live forever Thine.

1749

CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

JESU, Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were Thine:
Thy Death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy Life hath made Him mine.

Spotless and just in Thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven:
I taste salvation in Thy Name,
And antedate my heaven.

Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own:
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of Thy Blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope shall in fruition die,
And all my soul be love. 1740.

THE LAST WISH.

To do, or not to do; to have,
  Or not to have, I leave to Thee:
To be, or not to be, I leave:
  Thy only will be done in me.
All my requests are lost in one;
Father, Thy only will be done.

Suffice that for the season past
  Myself in things divine I sought,
For comforts cried with eager haste,
  And murmured if I found them not.
I leave it now to Thee alone;
Father, Thy only will be done.

Thy gifts I clamor for no more,
  Or selfishly Thy grace require,
An evil heart to varnish o'er:
  Jesus the Giver I desire,
After the flesh no longer known:
Father, Thy only will be done.

Welcome alike the crown or cross;
  Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,
  Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,
Nor life, nor death; but ever groan,
Father, Thy only will be done.

1749.

SUBMISSION.

When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in Thy wisdom wise?
Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by Thy light,
Only mighty in Thy might?

Take my nature's strength away,
Every comfort, every stay,
Every hindrance of Thy Love,
All my power to act or move.
Fain I would be truly still,
Fain I would be without will,
Simple, innocent, and free,
Free from all that is not Thee.

Weaken, bring me down to nought;
Captivate my every thought.
Take the future from my view,
All Thy Love intends to do:
Let me to Thy goodness leave
When, and what Thou art to give.
All Thy works to Thee are known:
Let Thy blessed will be done.

Is it not enough that I
Now can Abba Father cry?

I am now a child of God,
Bought and sprinkled with Thy Blood.
Lord, it doth not yet appear
What I surely shall be here,
When Thou shalt unfold the Word;
Only make me as my Lord.

So I may Thy Spirit know,
Let Him as He listeth blow:
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with Thee be one.
Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly in my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

1742

A POOR SINNER.

JESU, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me:

My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less:
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;

Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
To know myself, and what Thou art,
And what Thy perfect will.
I want, I know not what:
I want my wants to see:
I want — alas, what want I not,
When Thou art not in me!

1742.

FOR A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

ALMIGHTY GOD of truth and Love,
In me Thy power exert;
The mountain from my soul remove,
The hardness from my heart.
My most obdurate heart subdue
In honor of Thy Son,

And now the gracious wonder show
And take away the stone.

I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wanderings of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved Thy Love.
Give me to feel an idle thought
As actual wickedness,
And mourn for the minutest fault
In exquisite distress.

O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the Blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.
More of this tender spirit, more
Of this affliction send,
And spread the *Moral Sense* all o'er,
Till pain with life shall end. 1749

PSALM 51: 10.

Make me a clean heart, O God.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy Blood,
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;

Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for Thee distrest I am,
I want Thy Love to know.

My heart, Thou know'st, can never rest,
Till Thou create my peace;
Till, of my Eden repossest,
From self and sin I cease.

Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

Thy Nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

1742.

JOHN 16: 24.

Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

RISE, my soul, with ardor rise,
Breathe thy wishes to the skies;
Freely pour out all thy mind;
Seek, and thou art sure to find.

Ready art thou to receive?
Readier is thy God to give.

Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and show Thou hear'st my call:
Let my cries Thy throne assail,
Entering now within the veil:
Give the benefits I claim:
Lord, I ask in Jesu's name!

Friend of sinners, King of saints,
Answer my minutest wants;
All my largest thoughts require,
Grant me all my heart's desire:
Give me, till my cup runs o'er,
All, and infinitely more.

Meek and lowly be my mind,
Pure my heart, my will resigned.
Keep me dead to all below,
Only Christ resolved to know;
Firm and disengaged and free,
Seeking all my bliss in Thee.

Suffer me no more to grieve,
Wanting what Thou long'st to give.
Show me all Thy goodness, Lord,
Beaming from the Incarnate Word,
Christ, in whom Thy glories shine,
Efflux of the Light divine.

Since the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my Liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in Thy saving grace;
Thy great Will delight to prove,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Since the Son hath bought my peace
Mine Thou art, and I am His
Mine the Comforter I see;
Christ is full of grace for me;
Mine (the purchase of His Blood)
All the plenitude of God.

Abba, Father, hear Thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled!
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

Lord, I will not let Thee go,
Till the blessing Thou bestow.
Hear my Advocate divine!
Lo, to His my suit I join:
Joined to His, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I *will* prevail!

Stoop from Thy eternal throne;
See, Thy promise calls Thee down!

High and lofty as Thou art,
Dwell within my worthless heart.
Hear, a fainting soul revive;
Here forever walk and live.

Heavenly Adam, Life divine,
Change my nature into Thine;
Move and spread throughout my soul;
Actuate and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in Thy temple stay;
Now Thy inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of Life, Thyself impart:
Rise eternal in my heart.

1739

HEBREWS 4: 9.

There remaineth therefore a Rest for the people of God.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixt on things above;

Where doubt, and pain, and fear expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

A rest of lasting joy and peace,
Where all is calm within;
'T is there from our own works we cease,
From pride, and self, and sin.

Our life is hid with Christ in God:
The agony is o'er;
We wrestle not with flesh and blood,
We strive with sin no more.

Our spirit is right, our heart is clean,
Our nature is renewed:
We cannot, no, we cannot sin,
For we are born of God.

From every evil motion freed,
(The Son hath made us free)
On all the powers of hell we tread,
In glorious liberty.

Redeemed, we walk on holy ground;
In Christ we cannot err:
No lion in that way is found,
No ravenous beast is there.

Safe in the way of life, above
Death, earth, and hell we rise;

We find, when perfected in love,
Our long-sought paradise.

Within that Eden we retire,
We rest in Jesu's Name:
It guards us, as a wall of fire,
And as a sword of flame.

O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of Thy love.

I groan from sin to be set free,
From self to be released:
O take me, take me into Thee,
Mine everlasting Rest.

I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,
And have Thee all mine own;
Thee, O mine all-sufficient Good,
I want, and Thee alone.

Thy Name to me, Thy Nature grant;
This, only this be given:

Nothing besides my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend:
No longer from Thy creature stay,
My Author, and my End.

The bliss Thou hast for me prepared
No longer be delayed;
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me Thine abode;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
Let all I am be God!

1740.

IN VIEW OF DEATH.

JESUS, the just, the good,
Remember Calvary,
And claim the purchase of Thy Blood,
Expended all for me.
My Saviour hitherto,
A little longer save;
The pardoned penitent renew,
And hide me in the grave.

Not my own faithfulness,
But Thine I humbly plead,
Who wilt not quench a spark of grace,
Nor break a bruised reed.
Thy work, with life begun,
In this weak soul complete,
And let me groan my latest groan
For mercy at Thy feet.

I ask not ecstasies;
But with a loving heart,
In steadfast hope and humble peace
Permit me to depart.
Suffice that here I know
My sins through grace forgiven,
And calmly blest, with safety go
To endless joys in heaven.

Preparation for Death, 1772.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all Thy ways we find
Our heaven on earth begun.

The Church triumphant in Thy Love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

The Holy to the Holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Hymns on the Lord's Supper, 1745.

ANTICIPATIONS OF ETERNITY.

I.

Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow:

Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly:
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity.
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

II.

How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High-Priest,
And still extends His wounded hands
To take me to His breast.

What is there here to court my stay,
To hold me back from home,

While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

The race we all are running now;
And if I first attain,
They too their willing head shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.

Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesu's praise shall join,
His boundless Love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.

O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly powers,
And antedate that Day;
We feel the Resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,

And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek:
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at His grace
Through all eternity.

III.

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants)
In my Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.

Surely He will not long delay :
I hear His Spirit cry,
"Arise, my love, make haste away!
Go, get thee up, and die.
O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
I give the victory ;
And with Me My reward I bring,
I bring My heaven for thee."

Lord, I the welcome word receive,
Thee on the mount adore ;
For Thy dear sake consent to live
Some painful moments more.
I live in holy grief and joy ;
On Pisgah's top I stand,
And life's important point employ
To view the Promised Land.

O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit every month they give ;
And to the healing leaves who come
Eternally shall live.

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there ;

They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear.
Adorned by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb;
And every shining front displays
The unutterable Name.

They drink the deifying stream,
They pluck the ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of Him
Who tuned his golden lute:
At once they strike the harmonious wire,
And hymn the great Three-One:
He hears; He smiles; and all the choir
Fall down before His throne.

O what a heaven of heavens is this,
This swoon of silent love!
How poor the world's sublimest bliss
Compared with joys above!
With joys above may I be blest,
And earthly bliss I scorn;
Or sing triumphantly distrest
Till I to God return.

O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
  Take life or friends away,
I come, to find them all again
  In that eternal Day.

Larger *Funeral Hymns*, 1759

OF HEAVEN.

WHERE shall true believers go,
  When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordained to know,
  They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place;
There they shall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
  Or heart can e'er conceive.

When they once are entered there,
  Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
  And sighing is no more.
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
  And brighter than the sun.

But their greatest happiness,
  Their highest joy, shall be

God their Saviour to possess,
To know, and love, and see.
With that beatific sight
Glorious ecstasy is given;
This is their supreme delight,
And makes a heaven of heaven.

Him beholding face to face,
To Him they glory give,
Bless His Name and sing His praise,
As long as God shall live.
While eternal ages roll,
Thus employed in Heaven they are:
Lord receive my happy soul
With all Thy servants there!

Hymns for Children, 1763

NOTES.

[The references and quotations are to or from Mr. Jackson's "Life of Charles Wesley," the unabridged London edition, 2 vols., 1841; his "Journal," etc., edited by Mr. Jackson, 2 vols., London, 1849; and Mr. Creamer's "Methodist Hymnology," New York, 1848.]

PAGE 1. In the first edition, 1739, this is headed "A Hymn for Midnight;" the title is here given as in subsequent editions. "This poem," says Mr. Creamer, "gives some idea of the defective creed and gloomy feelings" of both John and Charles Wesley, in the earlier stages of their experience. To the piece John "afterward gave an evangelical character, by substituting the word *faith* for *death*, in the last line of the third stanza." With this and three other verbal alterations, the last four verses were admitted into J. W.'s large "Collection," and thence into the present M. E. Hymn-book.

5, 6. Mr. Jackson (*Life*, I. 137) thinks it is one or other of these two hymns that is referred to in the following passages of the poet's Diary: "May 23d, 1738. At nine I began an hymn upon my conversion, but was persuaded to break off, for fear of pride. Mr. Bray coming, encouraged me to proceed, in spite of Satan. I prayed Christ to stand by me, and finished the hymn. . . . 24th. Towards ten (P. M.) my brother was brought in triumph by a troop of our friends, and declared, 'I believe.' We sang *the hymn* with great joy."

7. Preaching at Cardiff, July 14, 1741, "Many tears were shed at the singing that,

"'Outcasts of men, to you I call,'" etc.

8. "For the Anniversary," etc. The day was Sunday, May 21st, 1738.

14. "On his Birthday," v. 3, l. 1, "*Thy* Jesus alone" may possibly be a misprint for "*Thee*, Jesus alone," which is the reading in the Wesleyan Collection: either is admissible. The curious passage in v. 10, "With my pastoral crook," &c., is Scriptural. Mr. Creamer says this hymn was written for John Wesley.

17. Based upon Isaiah 8: 8. July 30, 1743. "I walked with our brother Shepherd to the Land's End, and sang, on the extremest point of the rocks,

"'Come, divine Emmanuel, come.'"

18. "Naomi and Ruth." The allegory is by no means perfectly preserved, but the poem's force is in its tenderness and truth. August 5, 1744. "I preached my farewell sermon at Gwennap. . . . Such sorrow and love as they then expressed, the world will not believe, though a man declare it unto them. . . . Several men and women kept pace with our horses for two or three miles; they parted, in body, not in spirit."

21, 22. "The Trial of Faith." The second volume of 1749 opens with eleven hymns under this caption; these are the seventh and eighth. No one acquainted with the history of Methodism, or of England in the middle of the last century, needs to be reminded that the state of things here described was anything but imaginary.

24. "For the Persecuted." This is followed in the original by hymns "For the Brethren at Wednesbury;" "At the Devizes;" "For one in Prison:" eight in all.

29. For a full account of this episode, see the *Life*, I. 372-379. It occurred March 15th, 1744.

31. "For Christian friends." Toward the close of 1748 the poet became engaged, and was married April 8th, 1749. "During this interval . . . he carried on a correspondence with Miss Gwynne, remarkable for its piety. A considerable part of his letters to her were written in verse." There can be no doubt that these effusions were identical with the 56

"Hymns for Christian Friends," which occupy the last 77 pages in Volume II. of 1749; and probably the only change they underwent to fit them for the public eye was the frequent substitution of *him* for *her*, and the like. From this quarter are taken the poems on p. 31 to 40, and on p. 332.

35–40. At one time the engagement seemed likely to be broken; and this was probably the occasion of several pieces written "In Danger of Losing his Friend." One searches his Diary in vain for any sign of special emotion; but his secret thoughts were confided rather to verse than to prose. Of the three poems here given, the first seems to express the natural despondency called forth by ill tidings; the second gives voice to the lofty confidence of Christian second thought; and the last realizes a pitch of magnanimity which few, even of poets, have attained.

41–44. These refer to other persons, and their explanation must be sought, not in the poet's matrimonial desires or relations, but in the theologic rancor of the time, which often changed his converts to his enemies, and in such personal misadventures as bring partings into any life. One would wish to understand the very plain allusions on p. 42, 43; but there is now and here no means of knowing who was "the cause of his pain."

49. These should be among the "Occasional" poems; they must have been written for friends, since his first son was born in 1752. The bereavement became his own repeatedly in after years; but the verses written on the sickness and death of his own children are not equal to these.

50. On removing from Bristol to London.

52. His younger son Samuel, who went over to the Church of Rome. See *Life*, II. 359–369.

57. Said to have been "written a little before his death," and "probably the last verses that he ever committed to paper."

58. "While he remained in the state of extreme feebleness

. . . having been silent and quiet for some time, he called Mrs. Wesley to him, and requested her to write the following lines at his dictation:

"'In age and feebleness extreme,' &c.

"The Epitaph which is placed upon his own tombstone was written by him for that of his friend Mr. Latrobe, the Moravian minister."

59. It is curious that this has never found its way into either the English Wesleyan or the American Methodist Collection. I incline to rank it with "Jesu, Lover of my soul," and "Christ, whose glory fills the skies," in the triad of C. W.'s purest and most perfect hymns.

61–68. Of these five Festival Hymns, originally, as now, printed in immediate succession, those for Christmas, Easter, and Ascension are in almost universal use, while that for Epiphany is in some English and but one or two American collections, and that for Whitsunday is not known at all. The original text is here given; several alterations were made in subsequent editions, of which the chief are:

62. In the Christmas Hymn, last verse, second line, "the *Inner* Man" is changed to "the *heavenly* Man."

64. In the Easter Hymn, v. 4, l. 3, is changed to "*Once He died our souls to save.*"

70. With all its historic interest, this spirited poem has attracted no further attention than that two verses of it are quoted in the "Life," (II. 166) and seven inserted (Nos. 535–6) in "Hymns for the Lutheran Church," Philadelphia, 1865.

80. In the famous Riots, called Lord George Gordon's. C. W. also wrote at this time a satiric poem of 34 pages, "The Protestant Association."

82. "Grace after Meat." The last couplet of this in later editions is altered as follows:

"*Where joys in all their fulness rise,*
And all our food is love."

83. "To be sung at Work." The last line but one reads in the first edition, "'T is done, the work Thou gav'st *one* here" — a probable misprint.

88. These may be said to be C. W.'s only verses on external nature, except two of inferior merit, at the close of a hymn with the same title, and just preceding this.

91. In the third line of the second verse the 2d edition (the only one accessible to me) reads, "And *Thee* with thankful hearts receive": an apparent error. I substitute the word *all*, following the Wesleyan Hymn-book.

93. Noticeable for its singularity and briskness of measure. The Rev. S. W. Christophers, in his "Hymn-Writers and their Hymns," (London, 1866) tells that Wesley, once preaching in Cornwall, was interrupted by some sailors striking up a popular song to the tune "Nancy Dawson." "He challenged them to come again by and by, when he would be there, and sing a song to their tune"; and this was the result. Mr. C., however, is a very unreliable authority.

95. Probably written for Mr. Lampe.

98. Doubtless for Dr. Middleton, who attended the poet in a dangerous illness, and was afterwards his friend through life.

101. I think this refers to the household of his wife's father See the *Life*, I. 514. "Mr. Gwynne's establishment at Garth was large and princely. He had nine sons and daughters, and twenty servants, besides the Chaplain; and had seldom less than ten or fifteen guests residing in the house. Mrs. Grace Bowen . . . was the nurse of the family."

103. "For the Youngest." So entitled in "Hymns for Children," 1763, where it is divided into two equal parts. In the volume of 1742, it is the first of several "Hymns for Children."

105–124. Some have considered the "Hymns for Families" to be the author's finest work. For combined minuteness, delicacy, and dignity, they can scarcely be equalled. Witness this first of them here given.

114. Doubtless the best thing ever written in verse on the education of children.

125–130. In the second volume of 1749 there are twenty one hymns "For Widows." Those here given are the 5th 6th, 11th, and 14th.

135. Compare this with the poem on p. 308. With the lapse of over twenty years between, there is a striking similarity of thought and style.

140. "For One departing." A high Anglican writer has classed this with "Jesu, Lover of my soul," as above all C. W.'s other productions.

141–158. Mr. Jackson considers the Funeral Hymns to be C. W.'s greatest works; not the two tracts bearing that name, but all poems of that description found at large in his writings, and taken together.

145. "There all the ship's company meet" was a very favorite verse with the author in his last years.

149. For an account of this martyr (he was scarcely less,) see the *Life*, I. 386.

151–156. Mr. Hutchinson's name occurs often in C. W.'s Diary; but only two passages are of any interest. "Sir Thomas's love for me is beyond description: almost as vehement as poor J. Hutchinson's." — "I have been crying in the chamber whence my J. H. ascended. My heart is full of him, and I miss him every moment; but he is at rest." He seems to have been a person of sensitive nature and vehement passions: in no other of the poet's many elegies does there appear such delicate minuteness of description, or so strong and tender a personal interest.

166–169. Charles Wesley's sentiments concerning Perfection differed somewhat from those of John, and in the *Scripture Hymns* he expressed them freely. A second and expurgated edition was issued in 1794–96, from which most of the verses here given were omitted.

172. Charles was a strenuous Churchman in theory, and

greatly offended at some of the preachers attempting to administer the sacraments, etc. These bits of satire were also dropt in the later edition.

177. Against Molther and the Quietists. The doctrine of stillness, it will be remembered, was one of the earliest thorns in the side of Methodism. See *Life*, I. 221. "The hymn," says Mr. Jackson, "guards against extremes both on the right hand and the left. . . . He used to call upon the right-minded people in his congregation at the Foundry to unite with him in singing it."

186. This appeared not in the volume of 1739, but appended to his brother's sermon on "Free Grace." Mr. White field remonstrated (see Creamer's "Hymnology," p. 109) Verses 10–12 are a paraphrase of the following passage in a letter of Susannah Wesley (a woman, as we know, of masculine intellect, and as good a theologian as her husband) to her son John, July 18, 1726: "Whom, in His eternal Prescience, God saw would make a right use of their powers, and accept of offered mercy, He did predestinate — adopt for His children, His peculiar treasure. And that they might be conformed to the image of His only Son, He called them to Himself by His eternal Word, through the preaching of the Gospel, and internally by His Holy Spirit: which call they obeying, repenting of their sins and believing in the Lord Jesus, He *justifies* them — absolves them from the guilt of all their sins, and acknowledges them as just and righteous persons, through the merits and mediation of Christ: — and having thus justified, He receives them to glory — to heaven."

192. This is the "pawning his salvation," of which Whitefield complained.

193–208. If the use of so much wit, satire, and severity seem to any unpardonable in sacred subjects, we must remember that the Arminian poet was fighting a demon which in our day is unseen. The Reprobation which then had a terribly real existence has now nearly vanished from the earth; but

one who reads the Calvinistic writings of the last century will scarcely think that Wesley hit too hard.

215–224. As a versifier of the Psalms Wesley lacked the essentials of complete success, for he had not the power of condensation. His paraphrases, though vastly superior to Merrick's, must come under the same criticism: elegant, but diffuse, and often verbose even.

231–307. The *Scripture Hymns* are here represented at length, yet not out of proportion; for they constitute in number one half, and in quantity nearly one fourth, of C. W's. published poems. And they perforce have what is with him the rare charm of brevity. Too often he uses a text merely as a peg to hang his views upon, and these volumes are largely weighted down with the Doctrine of Perfection: still much of their contents shows him in an unaccustomed light. I have here given whatever, for justness of thought, force of fancy, or elegance of expression, seemed most valuable.

234. In the second verse, first line, the original is "*Death's* sentence." But the connection seems to require "*Earth's*," which is the reading in the second edition.

304. This is noticeable as being quite out of its author's usual style, and near to that of the Latin hymns, then known to scholars only, but now, in their abundant translations, a leading element in our hymnology.

311. The last half of the third verse is perhaps the most objectionably strenuous expression C. W. ever used. The poem, however, is interesting as describing an ideal state of mind.

332. This should rather have gone among the Autobiographic poems, but was overlooked till too late for insertion there. See note above, on p. 31.

344. This also should be in the first part of this volume. It is one of his most terse, vigorous, and characteristic poems.

355. Printed in the original as three hymns, though evidently one: this was a not infrequent fashion in the Wesleyan volumes.

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359. "The Last Wish." Possibly his noblest poem: a grand description of the loftiest conceivable mental state, did he not spoil the whole in the last line but one by that perversely Charles-Wesleyan word, "*groan*."

369. Amusing efforts have been often made by communions not Methodist to use a portion of this vigorous poem, making it refer to Heaven. Such attempts are scarcely honest: the *Rest* described is evidently and only that of temporal Perfection.

374–380. These three were plainly written about the same time, and under the same mental conditions: in a mood, indeed, that does not come often nor last long, even with poets. There are curious passages, as in the last verse but one, and expressions throughout almost of impatience; but here surely is "the vision and the faculty divine," that nameless something which has made every reader for a century feel with John Wesley, this is real poetry.

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